

THE  
AMOURS

OF

*Edward the IV.*

AN

*Historical Novel.*

---

By the *Author* of the *Turkish Spy*.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for RICHARD SARE, at Grays-  
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# THE Preface.

**T**O say something of this Post-  
humous Work is but a Ju-  
stice due to the Author, and  
a becoming Civility to the REA-  
DER.

The occasion of this coming to my  
hand, was from an Intimate of the  
Author, and one who assisted him con-  
siderably in the Turkish Spy. Who,  
being oblig'd abroad, desired me to pub-  
lish it; withall, delivering to me sever-

## The Preface.

*ral imperfect Things of this kind, many of which I do believe were but his private Diversion. And, for a Confirmation of this, I have the greatest Grounds of Credibility that can be expected from a Person of Integrity and Worth.*

*But further, to evince what I have said, I shall refer the Impartial Reader to the Book it self; wherein he will find nothing unworthy the Author of the Turkish Spy. The Theme is the most diverting and delightful that our English Histories afford; the fatal Divisions between the Houses of York and Lancaster yielding such variety of Revolutions in the Reign of Henry VI. and Edward the IV. as is not to be found in the Annals of any other of our English Monarchs.*

Edward

## The Preface.

Edward IV. was certainly a Prince of a most Gallant and Amorous Disposition; and his Court was undoubtedly the Scene of Love and Intrigue. (Courtiers generally shaping themselves to the Humour and Min of the Prince.) And this we have an Account of in History; but no where with such advantage as in our Author: For, what is very uncommon in things of this Nature, you have true History, adorn'd with the Greatest Lustre that Language and Art can add: And where Intrigue is introduc'd, it is with so much neatness and exactness, that it neither interferes with, nor offers the least Injury to Truth.

The Characters are suitable to the Persons; and, without transgressing the bounds of Respect to a Deceas'd Friend; I may say, such excellent Descriptions

## The Preface.

*scriptions, both of Persons and Passions, were peculiar to him, and not imitable by every Pretender. And, to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the Readers themselves, who must allow his Delicacy of Thought and Expression to be very extraordinary. The Gallant EDWARD, and the Haughty Warwick; the Pious HENRY, and the Bloody RICHARD; the Warlike MARGARET, and the charming Elizabeth, are Characters equally surprising, and such as can not but alarm the Passion of the Reader.*

*It would be unnecessary to prolong the Preface, by endeavouring to add to the Praise of so Celebrated an Author; besides, it would keep the Reader from a more delightful Entertainment. I shall onely add, That according to the Reception this meets with*

## The Preface.

with, I shall be encouraged or discouraged from finishing a Second Part of this, which the Author hath left imperfect.

Farewell.

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T H E

THE Death of King *Edward*  
the IV, gave Life to the Am-  
bitious hopes of *Richard Duke*  
of *Glocester*, his Brother; A  
Prince of so deformed an aspect, that  
one beheld him not, without a kind  
of horror. There was nothing pro-  
mising in his Mien, his Stature very  
little, ill Lim'd, and his Countenance  
averse. But if Nature had cast his Per-  
son in so rough a Mould, she had taken  
care to inform his Mind with a more  
than ordinary Understanding; and he  
yielded not in Courage to either of  
his Famous Brothers. His Wit was  
great as was his Dissimulation, close  
and Secret; and so unmeasurably Am-  
bitious, that he made all the Actions  
of his own Life and others, conduce  
to the gratifying of it. His Temper  
Haughty, but so masked with a Dis-  
simulative Familiarity, that it was not  
discerned. So Cruel of Nature, that  
he found it not enough to command  
B the

the Deaths of his Enemies, but he wou'd embrue his own hand in the Blood he desir'd to shed, with his own Arm and Dagger, Ponyarding the *Sacred Persons* of King *Henry the VI*, and the Young *Prince* his Son. He had no Friendship for any, all were his Foes that hinder'd his Advancement to the Crown; which he now eagerly (tho' privately) sought to Circle his own Head withall, to the Prejudice of his Nephew, *Edward the V*, whom he caus'd to be Proclaim'd *KING*, and with all seeming Affliction attended the Funeral of the *Deceased*, at *YORK*. That done he impatiently desir'd to have the Young *KING* in his Custody, who was removing from *Ludlow* to *London*, under the conduct of the *Lord Rivers*, the *Queens* Brother, and others of her Relations: But *Richard* assisted with *Buckingham*, and *Hastings*, overtook them at *Stony-Stratford*, and by a Wile sent them Prisoners to *Pomfret-Castle*, and secured the Person of the *King*, whom they brought back to *Nottingham*. *Richard* upon his knees appear'd with an excess of Loyalty and Affection; tho' he displac'd the *Lord Gray*, and the *Lord Marquess* his Brother,

then, the Queens Sons by her other Marriage, and suffer'd none about the KING, but those whom he was well assur'd of. Thus he took the Government of the KING upon him, whom he convey'd to *London*, with all the Magnificence and Demonstrations of Love and Fidelity imaginable.

But Report, which always Aggravates the most Monstrous Actions, brought the News to the Ears of the Unhappy Queen, then in the *Palace of Westminster*, and in such a manner as perswaded Her the King was in danger, and her Brother, her Son, and all her Relations dispos'd of, to what end, none but the Ambitious *Richard* knew, nor where they were conducted. Oh! What did not the great Heart of *Elizabeth* say in that sad Conjunction? How did She bewail the Infancy and Unhappiness of the KING! How accuse her own Misfortune, and exclaim against her own credulity, which had made her, upon *Richard's* Suggestion, yield that *Edward* shou'd be brought to *London*, slenderly attended; who knowing Her design of raising the Forces of the Counties to guard him, had dissuaded her, upon pre-

tence of giving no Umbrage to the People; as being well assur'd that amidst so great a Strength, it would be impossible for him to get him into his hands as he desir'd.

It being Midnight when the Queen receiv'd this unhappy News, the darkness joyn'd its horrors to her Fears, and very well knowing the restless Ambition of *Richard*, and that of the Duke of *Buckingham* not inferiour, with the implacable hatred that *Hastings* the Lord Chamberlain had for Her, and Her whole House, which he laboured to destroy, thought of nothing but securing her self in some Place of Safety, together with the King's Young Brother, the Duke of *YORK*, and her Daughters, whom she well knew wou'd be the next Mark aim'd at by the Ambitious Enemies of her House; and therefore without delaying a Moment, she cast her self with her Children into the Abby of *Westminster* for Sanctuary, disposing her self, with those Faithful Servants that accompany'd her, in the Abbot's Lodgings, where she ceased not incessantly to bewail her hard Fate. And it was surely something grievous for so great a Queen,

to



to see herself reduc'd in that manner ; being besides a Lady of the most Wit, that that Age afforded, which joyn'd with a force of Eloquence very Natural to her, had charm'd the late King to an unheard of degree. Nor was there any thing wanting in her Person, that could be fit for gaining Illustrious Conquests, and it was said, that if She cou'd be judg'd to want any thing, it was a little height ; tho' by other Criticks less severely, it was thought the Objection wanted some appearance of Truth, her stature being Tall enough, to give her presence answerable, to that high Dignity to which She was rais'd.

The Arch-Bishop of York, who was High-Chancellor, calling all his Domesticks about him, whom he caus'd to be Arm'd, before it was Day, came to the Queen to the Sanctuary, whom he found all desolate, sitting upon the Pavement with the Duke of York in her Arms, and the Lady Elizabeth her Eldest Daughter with her Sisters, all in Tears surrounding this deplorable Mother, the Cardinal was afflicted at so unwonted a Spectacle, and having said all to her that he cou'd imagine to divert her

Sorrow without prevailing. "*Madam,*  
 " continued he, We have yet to hope  
 " that the Business is not so desperate  
 " as we apprehend it, Report is ever  
 " an enlarger of things, and by a Mes-  
 " sage from my Lord Chamberlain this  
 " Night I am inform'd, that there is no  
 " danger, and that the KING will  
 " Arrive to Morrow. Ah! cry'd out  
 " the Desolate *Queen*, Know you not,  
 " My Lord *Cardinal*, that my Lot is  
 " Fatal! Ah, Cruelty! What Mis-  
 " fortunes do not attend me! *Hastings*  
 " is my Particular Enemy, and seeks to  
 " Ruin me and my House. I see it in-  
 " evitably coming upon me, and there  
 " is but little comfort when there is but  
 " little hope. Shou'd it prove to be so  
 " as you fear *Madam*, Reply'd the *Car-*  
 " *dinal*, and they shou'd set the Crown  
 " upon the Head of any other, than  
 " *My Lord the King* your *Majesties* Son,  
 " whom they have with them, I assure  
 " you, that my first Business shall be, to  
 " Proclaim, and Crown the Duke of  
 " *YORK*, as our Lawful Sovereign,  
 " whom you have now in your Arms,  
 " and for a Witness of my Integrity, I  
 " have brought to your *Majesty* the  
 " Great-

" *Great-Seal*, entrusted to me by your  
 " *Noble Lord*, to be now employ'd for  
 " your Sons use, as your *Majesty* shall  
 " see occasion. I cannot remit it into  
 " better hands than yours, My Lord  
 " *Cardinal*, answered the *Queen*, there-  
 " fore you may keep it, and leave me  
 " at present to lament with my Chil-  
 " dren the Capriciousness of my Desti-  
 " ny. The *Cardinal*, having this Com-  
 " mand, retired, having once more  
 " assur'd her of his Loyalty and Sin-  
 " cerity.

" Now, Unhappy *Elizabeth*, continu-  
 " ed the *Queen*, to her Fair Daughter,  
 " to what a deplorable condition are  
 " we now reduc'd! What is become  
 " of those fair hopes which we had so  
 " falsely entertained? Behold me the  
 " Wife, and Mother of Kings, and thy  
 " self the Daughter and Sister of Mighty  
 " *Monarchs*, in an Estate to fear all  
 " things, and without one place of Re-  
 " fuge in the whole World, but this  
 " *Sanctuary*, which we are not sure the  
 " Ambitious *Richard* will not Violate!  
 " Ah! Unhappy, dissentious, Bloody,  
 " and Fatal Houses, *LANCASTER* and  
 " *YORK*! To what Cruelties have ye

" not enlarged your selves ! O ! thou  
 " Renown'd *Prince*, the Third *Edward*,  
 " couldst thou have but foreseen the  
 " Fatal dissention of thy miserable Off-  
 " spring, I question not, but thou would'st  
 " have found some means to remedy so  
 " many disasters. Ah ! Fair *England*,  
 " how hast thou been polluted with the  
 " Blood of thy Natives, these many  
 " Years ! And behold, yet there re-  
 " mains something more Cruel, the Am-  
 " bitious *RICHARD* of *GLOCESER*,  
 " must Reign, and we must Dye ! Your  
 " Majesty, reply'd the Lady *Elizabeth*,  
 " has so often shew'd your self to the  
 " World, for a Lady of that Magnani-  
 " mity and Courage ; that I hope it will  
 " not forsake you on this important oc-  
 " casion ; where, if I mistake not, we  
 " shall have need of all our constancy.  
 " Yes, *Unhappy Princess*, continued the  
 " *Queen*, you have rightly foreseen, and  
 " our greatest shame is yet behind. But  
 " the Just Heav'ns know I too well de-  
 " serve these Persecutions, for Allying  
 " my self to the House of *TORK*, when  
 " I was, in Heart, for the *Lancastrian*  
 " *Line*. It is now a time *Madam*, in-  
 " terrupted the Lady *Elizabeth*, when,  
 " if

" If I mistake me not, I ought not to be  
 " Ignorant of all that has past during  
 " the Animolities of the Red Rose and  
 " the White, and having never under-  
 " stood any thing of it, but imperfectly ;  
 " because those that spoke to me of it  
 " were cautious not to offend the *KING*  
 " your Husband, by the Reflecting on  
 " the Actions of the Duke of *YORK* my  
 " Grand-Father. I am almost Ignorant  
 " of what has happen'd, and well know-  
 " ing *Your Majesty* to be perfectly in-  
 " structed in all the Transactions of the  
 " two last Reigns, in hopes it may for  
 " some moments divert your Sorrow,  
 " you will pardon an *Unhappy Daughter*  
 " if she desires of you the troublesome  
 " Narration. I am but in an ill con-  
 " dition to undertake an affair of that  
 " Nature, reply'd the Queen; but be-  
 " cause I do not know how long my  
 " Enemies will leave me the happiness  
 " of my Children's conversation, I will  
 " in a few Words tell you the progress  
 " of the *House of YORK*, together with  
 " the most important Actions of my  
 " Life. But since I am not so good a  
 " Warriour as the Unfortunate *Queen*  
 " *MARGARET*, you must expect only

" the heads of what has past in those  
 " cruel Dissentions, together with a  
 " brief Relation of my Adventures, I  
 " mean, those that are remarkable,  
 " such I reckon as have happen'd to me  
 " since the Death of my First Lord.  
 " The *Queen* having then dry'd her  
 " Tears, and the Lady *Elizabeth* pre-  
 " pared her self to give all due attenti-  
 " on, She began her Discourse in this  
 " manner.

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THE



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
QUEEN  
AND THE  
HOUSE of YORK.

**H**ENRY the Sixth was the most Pious Monarch that had ever worn the Crown of *England*, and he had no other fault, but that of being too good. He was Crown'd KING of *France* very Young, which was his undoubted Right by the Conquest of his brave Father; whose

whose Life was ended by Poyson, which *Charles Valois*, the *Dauphin* of *France*, had caused to be ministred to him. The Relict of that Famous Conquerour was *Queen Katherine*, the Daughter of *France*, who accompanied the Dead Body of her Husband into *England*, and was certainly, as I have heard, the most afflicted Creature living. But *Time*, which diminishes our Grievs, and allays the most powerful Sorrow, made her cast her Eyes upon *OWEN TUDOR*, descended of the Race of the Antient Kings of *Britain*, and finding Greatness to be no part of Happiness, Married him, by whom She had several Children, *EDMUND* the Eldest, was by his half Brother, King *HENRY* the Sixth, created Earl of *Richmond*. He Espoused *Margaret* Daughter of *JOHN* Duke of *Somerset* ( Great Grand-Child of *John* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaster* ) and had by her *Henry*, who is now Earl of *Richmond*, and the last of that Fatal Line, whom my Late Lord has so much dreaded. He remains in *France* with the Duke of *Britanny*, who gives all honourable Entertainment and Security; *Henry* being a Prince that has few Equals,  
 either

either for Handsomness, Youth, Wisdom, and Policy. Lady *Elizabeth* blush'd at this part of the Queens Discourse, who continu'd it without taking any notice of her Daughters Surprise.

*William de la Poole*, Earl, afterwards *Marquess* and *Duke of Suffolk*, Espoused *Margaret* the Daughter of *Remyer* King of *Sicily*, *Jerusalem*, and *Aragon*, &c. by Proxy, for King *Henry* his Master. Her Wit and Policy was above her Sex, and for Courage and Magnanimity she yielded to none. She was Crown'd at *Westminster* with that Diadem, so Fatal to her and me, and so belov'd of her Husband, that he thought the Price he gave for her inconsiderable.

Under the unhappy Government of King *Henry*, *France* was entirely lost, after the Death of the Duke of *Bedford* Regent thereof. This Duke had Married the Daughter of the Earl of *St. Paul*, Nobly descended, who, after his Decease, Married *Woodvill*, afterwards created Earl of *Rivers*, by whom she had this Unhappy Queen, who is now forc'd to fly for Sanctuary against the Brother of her Husband.

The

The Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to the Duke of *Bedford*, and both of them Sons of *Henry* the IV, after he had been *Protector* of the Kingdom five and twenty Years, was violently smother'd in his Bed, by those Enemies he had about the King: And behold in this last stroke way made for the Ambitious *Tork*, whose Father had been attainted by *Henry* the V, with his whole Blood, but Fatally Restored by the meer Clemency of the good *Henry* his Son. This Duke was Beloved amongst the *Irish*, and there it was that he intended to wait his Fortune. He stir'd up one *Cade*, a despicable Fellow, who made an Insurrection in the State, upon giving out himself to be a *Mortimer*, till at length he was taken and executed. Then by *Tork's* Procurement the Noble *Suffolk* was Banish'd, and then Traiterously Murder'd in his Passage from *Dover* to *France*, by his implacable Enemy. The King much weaken'd himself by disgracing *Suffolk*, tho' *Somerfet* still remain'd fast to him, and *Tork* thought the former perished in vain, if this latter still remain'd in favour at Court. He contrives his Ruin, and draws to his Side the Earl of *Salisbury*,

bury, and his Son the Couragious Earl of *Warwick*, whose Courage was Fatal to *England*. They Arm then under pre-  
tence to reform the State, and after  
some Battels Lost and Won on both  
Sides, in a Fatal Field at *St. Albans*,  
*Warwick* rushed through a Garden, and  
came upon the Rear of the *Royalists*,  
and by that Stratagem gave the Victory  
to *York*; wherein was Slain *Somerſet*  
their Enemy, *Northumberland*, &c. and  
the Unfortunate *Henry* remain'd their  
Prisoner, whom they conducted to  
*London*, and in the following Parliament  
*York* was declared *Protector* of the King  
and the Realm; *Salisbury* High Chan-  
cellor, and *Warwick* Governour of *Calais*,  
which was yet in the hands of the  
*English*.

*Queen Margaret*, then at *Greenwich*,  
assured of these Fatal Truths, by *Beau-  
fort*, ( now Duke of *Somerſet* by the  
Death of his Father ) came to *London*,  
and soon remov'd *York* from being *Pro-  
tector*. *Salisbury* had also the *Great Seal*  
taken from him; and the *Queen* on this  
Occasion, shew'd a Policy much above  
her Sex, and a Resolution to which her  
Husbands was much inferiour.

As

As for me (my Mother who lived retir'd at *Grafton House* in the Country) plac'd me as an Attendant upon *Queen Margaret*, where I was Married, and carried the Name of the Lady *Elizabeth Gray*, tho' my Unfortunate Husband did not long live with me, for being strongly engag'd with King *Henry*, he was Slain in the fatal Battel of *St. Albans*, and I remain'd a deplorable Widow, tho' *Queen Margaret* (lov'd me) wou'd not permit me, to retire my Self from Court, and sent to my Lady *Duchess* of *Bedford* to tell her that my Service was absolutely Necessary to her.

There past after this much Suspicion and Jealousy on both Sides: But the King, the most Peaceable Man alive, sought how to compose these Fatal Differences, and by a Great Council held at *London*, they were all declared true Subjects. The Lords of the Faction came to it, strongly guarded, tho' they agreed to this seeming Peace, which was sincere on the King's part: all *England* Celebrated this feign'd Reconciliation: I say feign'd, for *York* cou'd never lay down his Ambition but with his Life. And the *Queen*, the head of the contrary



contrary part, was too deep, fighted in Affairs of State and Policy, not to discern his Thoughts. She had not long before brought *Henry* a Son, who was Named *Edward*; and it is to be imagin'd she was careful for the Interests of them both.

After this accord between the Lords, the King went in his Imperial Robes, and his Crown upon his head, attended with the Queen, to give Thanks at the Cathedral of *St. Pauls*. The Duke of *Somerset*, and the Earl of *Salisbury* march'd together; the Duke of *Exeter* and the Earl of *Warwick*; and so of either Faction one and one together in Solemn Procession; after which went the King alone, and immediatly following the Queen (whose Train I bare) led by the Irreconcilable Duke of *York*. Who wou'd not have believ'd this Atonement to have been sincere? But alas! Honour, Religion, and Sincerity with their Divine Virtues, cou'd not procure a Harmony in Spirits blinded with Disloyalty, Ambition, and an implacable hatred.

That

That Night the Queen treated all the Court with a Comedy, in the great Hall of *Westminster*; after which a Ball was danced; and who that had seen the Glories of that Court, wou'd have again involv'd it in Miseries and Death. Notwithstanding the loss of my Husband, I was not permitted to wear Mourning that Solemn Day of Rejoycing; and the Queen also commanded me to dance, which I did with *Warwick*, who, Fatally for me, found something in my Person that did not displease him, and as soon as the Dance was finished, he led me to my Place, which was behind the Queens Chair, where I lean'd. "I have but  
 " little Reason to hope, Madam, said  
 " he to me with a low voice, that you  
 " who have so great an Interest in the  
 " House of *Lancaster*, will be favourable  
 " to one engaged, as I am, in that of  
 " *York*; but since all our differences are  
 " now compos'd, and that there are no  
 " longer any Enemies in this Assembly,  
 " will you permit this Reconciliation  
 " to extend as far as you, and me, and  
 " may the Earl of *Warwick*, without dis-  
 " pleasing you, avow his Inclination for  
 " *My Lady Elizabeth Gray*. We have  
 " both

" both those Misfortunes that are at  
 " this Moment happy for me, you have  
 " lost your Husband, and Death has also  
 " taken from me the Countess of *War-*  
 " *wick* ; but with this difference, my  
 " Lord, interrupted I, that I have con-  
 " tributed nothing to her Fate, and  
 " your Lordship knows very well, that  
 " I owe that of my Husband to your  
 " Arm ; since I am assur'd he had the  
 " honour to fall by no other ; and I  
 " question not but the Earl of *Warwick*  
 " is well enough acquainted how I ought  
 " to treat the Murderer of my Hus-  
 " band. You Reproach me without a  
 " Cause, reply'd the Earl, and are in  
 " this more cruel than the King, who  
 " has declared us all true Subjects, and  
 " censures us not for a Battel which we  
 " only Fought to displace the Duke of  
 " *Somerfet* from about his Person, and  
 " other evil Councillors. I knew not  
 " your Husband in that heat of Fight,  
 " I only know that he fell by my hand,  
 " tho' Fortune was just in that encount-  
 " er, and knew better than me that he  
 " was the most dangerous of my Rivals.  
 " And certainly, had he then escaped  
 " with Life, it had been for my Interest  
 " and

"and Honour to Ruin him. I have a  
 "great Heart that can ill brook Mis-  
 "fortunes, and if you design me any  
 "(as it is you alone can present me  
 "with them) I shall have this Satis-  
 "faction that you are unjust to treat  
 "cruelly a Man of my Rank, that has  
 "a sincere Tenderness for you. I say  
 "sincere, Madam, for were it not so,  
 "I would not speak as I do. I have  
 "never trifled with Ladies, and per-  
 "haps I regret as much as you that I  
 "am at length subjected to one, tho' so  
 "extraordinary a Person as your Lady-  
 "ship, can better than any justify those  
 "Weaknesses in Great Men, which you  
 "cause them to commit.

"I was nettled at this Presumption in  
 "the Earl, and looking on him with a  
 "Courage more than Ordinary, said  
 "My Lord, said I, you think your self  
 "in the Field with an Army, giving  
 "out your Orders, and I advise your  
 "Lordship to continue there. It much  
 "better becomes the Valiant Earl of  
 "Warwick then trifling in a Court with  
 "Ladys; and yet added I, with a ma-  
 "licious Smile, as despicable as we are,  
 "we shall never forget that he is the  
 "Murderer

"Murderer of my Husband. You will  
 "perhaps have other Sentiments, re-  
 "ply'd the Earl, and the Time is not  
 "passed that *Warwick* shall see himself  
 "oboy'd; you Counsel me well, War-  
 "bought rather to be my Province than  
 "Love, and when I Am again it may  
 "perhaps be Fatal to the House of *Lan-*  
 "*caster*, and all that adhere to it. The  
 Earl went off at these words, and left  
 me to reflect on what he had said to me,  
 as long as he continued in Court he  
 fail'd not to entertain me with his  
 Passion; as often as I wou'd permit, tho'  
 I never consider'd him as other than the  
 Murderer of my Husband, which so nett-  
 led him, that, being a Person of a great  
 Heart, and very often he cou'd not con-  
 ceal from me his Displeasure.  
 The Earl and the others of his Facti-  
 on, continuing in Court, it happened  
 that there was a Quarrel between one  
 of the *King's* Servants, and one of the  
 Followers of the *Earl of Warwick* who  
 hurt the *Kings* Servant, which made all  
 the Fellows of that Man assail the *Earl*  
 himself as he was coming from the  
 Council, and had there kill'd him (mau-  
 ger his great Courage) had not the  
 evil



evil fate of *England*, and his own, reserved him to do and suffer greater things. The *Earl*, with much difficulty, got to his Barge, and believing himself unsafe so near the *Queen*, he put off for *Calais* with all possible hast, where he continued as well by Sea, as Land, all manner of Hostility against all those who were in Alliance with the *King*. And the young Duke of *Somerset* being sent over to take possession of the Government of *Calais*, *Warwick* wou'd, by no means, resign to him, because, as he said, he had been made by Parliament; but repulsed the Duke, who ran a great danger of being taken, for all his Followers that fell into *Warwick's* hands were beheaded at *Callais*. After this he set up on some Ships of *Genoua*, which he Vanquished after two days Fight, with the loss of a Thousand Men on their side, and no more than a hundred on the *Earl's*.

The *Yorkists* charge the *Queen* for designing to Murder the *Earl of Warwick*, in coming from the Council; and the *Earl of Salisbury*, with his Sword in his hand, resolved to expostulate the injury and danger offer'd to his Son at *Westminster*.



*minster.* The Queen ( a Lady of Incomparable Magnanimity and Policy ) resolv'd that the King or the Duke of York must perish. *England* was too narrow to contain them both, and she laboured by the downfal of a House ( as she said made up of nothing but *Lancastrian* Benefices ) to establish the Possession and Succession of the Crown to King *Henry*, and Prince *Edward*. She advises, she sends, she does all that the most prudent Statesman, and the most Warlike General cou'd have done. In the mean time *Salisbury* having raised an Army, encounter'd with the Lord *Audley* who led some of the King's Forces. The Fight was Cruel and doubtful, till at length the evil Destiny of *Henry* gave the Victory to *Salisbury*, which he obtain'd by the Death of *Audley* the Courageous General.

That done *Salisbury* march'd to *Ludlow*; where *York*, the head of the Faction, was raising Men, and not long after *Warwick*, with new Forces, arriv'd from *Calais*, and joyn'd them at the Castle of *Ludlow*. These Triumvirates of *England*, the King, with a great Army, attended with the Dukes of *Somerset* and *Exeter*,

*Exeter*, marched to meet. They were strongly Entrench'd before *London* when the King came in sight, where he rested, and pitched his Tent. But in the Night one of the Commanders revolted from *York*, with part of his Forces, and all his Intelligence, went over to the King, which immediately dispersed the Faction. The Duke, with his two Sons, fly into *Ireland*; *Salisbury* and *Warwick* got over, not without difficulty, to *Calais*. *Somerfet* and two other Lords with a Fleet and Army pursue them, and lay Siege to *Calais*. *Warwick* repulses them, and constrains them to fly. What shall I say? In a word, the ill Fate of *Henry* disus'd it self into his Generals and Souldiers.

In the next Parliament all the Lords that adher'd to the House of *York*, with the Duke himself, and his Children, were attainted of High-Treason, and their Goods Confiscated. But not long after, they return'd into *England*, that is to say, *Salisbury* and *Warwick* taking an Oath of Obedience at *Canterbury*, professing that they had ever born true Faith and Allegiance to King *Henry*. But

But mauer all their false Protestations, the Multitude flocking to them, they formed an Army, and marched to meet the King at *Northampton*. They no sooner appear'd, but *Gray of Ruthen*, a false Lord, fled with part of the King's Forces to the Enemy. The King's Ordinance cou'd not play, there fell so much Rain; which Calamities joyn'd in one, gave away the Victory from Unfortunate *Henry*, who also lost his Liberty, and was taken Prisoner by the Perfidious Earls; the Queen and the Prince, with the remains of the beaten Army fly into the North. *Henry* had a contentedness of Mind, as, in whatever State he was, did not suffer him to think that he was wretched; tho' indeed others considered him as a Man born to all Calamities. The *Earls* continued to him their Dissimulation, and having protested to him their Loyalty to his Person, they conduct him to *London*, the Tower having render'd it self. And not long after *York*, having heard of this great Victory, returned from *Dublin* Triumphant, and in the King's Name Summons the Parliament, tho' upon his first Arrival he

C                      took

took upon him the State of the *King*, and Lodged himself in the same Lodgings. He made his Claim in Parliament to the Crown of *England* by the Female-Line, from *Lionel Duke of Clarence*, Son to King *Edward the Third*, *Ann* his *Great Grand-Child*, having E-  
 spoused the Father of the Duke of *York*, of which *Ann* he was born, and, as he said, true heir of the *English Diadem*; *Lionel Duke of Clarence* being the Elder Brother of *John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster*. This Title to the Crown was long debated, because the *Lancastrian Line* had possess'd it, during three Reigns; and the House of *York*, being under an Attainder, till restor'd unfortunately by *Henry the VI*, as I have said. But, in a word, Force carried it. *Henry* is to be King during Life, and *York* Heir apparent, and to succeed him to the utter Extirpation of all *Henry's* Line. *York* was then created once more Protector, Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Chester*, and Earl of *Cornwall*. The Queen enraged at this odd conduct of the King, writ him a sharp Letter, and gathers an Army of Eighteen Thousand Men, which she led herself in Person.

Person. *York* with only five Thousand  
 instantly pursues her, leaving the King  
 and the Earl of *Warwick* at *London*;  
*Salisbury* and *Rutland* his youngest Son,  
 accompanying him; leaving Order to  
 the Earl of *March* his Eldest, and my  
 late Lord and Sovereign, to follow.  
 He encounter'd the Queen at *Wakefield*,  
 who like a Politick General conceal'd  
 part of her Forces to provoke him to  
 Fight. He accepts the offer of Battel  
 the Queen gave him, and presently  
 surrounded him, and in short within  
 half an hour, his whole Army and him-  
 self, with many more of *Illustrious Houses*,  
 beaten down and slain. *Clifford*, in  
 Revenge that *York* had kill'd his Fa-  
 ther, pursued the Young Earl of *Rut-*  
*land* and slew him. Who can express  
 the Joy of Queen *Margaret*, when the  
 Head of the Duke of *York* was present-  
 ed to her Crown'd with Paper? What  
 said she not to express her Thanks to  
 her Souldiers? Cruel Joy is notwith-  
 standing seldom Fortunate. The Earl of  
*Salisbury*, all wounded, was taken Pri-  
 soner, and sent to *Pomfret-Castle*, from  
 whence the Common People violently  
 haled him, and cut off his Head, which,

with the Dukes, was fixed on a Pole, and set upon one of the Gates at York.

Mean time I had been detain'd with Sickness at *London*, and had not been able to follow the Warlike and Victorious Queen. *Warwick* fail'd not often to Visit me, for whom I had an implacable aversion, tho' at that Time he was the Greatest Man in the Kingdom. He was continually at my Feet to Marry him; I look'd upon him as the Cause of all these Disorders, and more as the Murderer of my Husband; and fail'd not very often to tell him so. His great Heart cou'd ill brook so many refusals; and I observ'd that he never heard them without changing Colour, more out of a sense of Courage than Love. " Is it possible, Madam, " said he to me one day, that all that " I can say is not able to move you, " and do you well know that there " is scarce a Princess in *Europe* that " wou'd refuse my Alliance, with the " advantage of a Heart so full of Love " as mine? To tell you sincerely what " I think, you do not do well, and " you



" you injure your self much more in  
 " considering me ( rather than a Con-  
 " querour, as you ought to do ) one  
 " of your Enemies, which you know  
 " very well that I am not. Ask Queen  
 " *Margaret* , reply'd I with disdain ,  
 " how great a Conqueror *Warwick*  
 " is, and she will send us to the Gates  
 " of *York*, there to behold the Heads  
 " of *York*, the false Duke, and the  
 " Earl of *Salisbury*, and then tell us a  
 " Woman fixed them there ; from  
 " whence *Warwick* with all his Boast-  
 " ed Valour, cannot take them down.  
 " Ah ! Madam, reply'd the Earl, do  
 " not, by Reproaching me, hasten on  
 " the Destiny of Queen *Margaret* ,  
 " whom I admire for her own Courage,  
 " and know that Fortune only forsook  
 " the Duke of *York* and my Father,  
 " because Love made me linger here  
 " with you. But the Time will come,  
 " when Lady *Elizabeth*, cruel as she is,  
 " shall supplicate *Warwick* for the safety  
 " of that Queen, whom I promise to  
 " preserve out of the Admiration I  
 " have for her great Magnanimity.  
 " Mistake not thy self Deluded Earl,  
 " answered I, Her cause is just, and  
 " will

" will not suffer her to fall into thy  
 " Rebellious Hand. Whilst I was yet  
 speaking an Express arriv'd to *War-*  
*wick*, which he receiv'd in my Lodg-  
 ings, and having opened the Papers,  
 found therein that the Earl of *March*,  
 now Duke of York, near *Ludlow*, had  
 Vanquish'd the Earls of *Pembroke* and  
*Ormond*, with a cruel Slaughter. And  
 you'll be amaz'd when I tell you that  
 before that Battel was joyn'd there  
 appeared three Suns, which suddenly  
 joyn'd in one, and declar'd his follow-  
 ing Sovereignty. " Behold here, Madam,  
 " cry'd the Earl of *Warwick*, the  
 " downfal of the *Lancastrian* Race, and  
 " the Coronation of the Earl of *March*,  
 " of whom I'm going instantly to de-  
 " mand you, and will not be deny'd.  
 " Thou wilt not sure, answered I,  
 " constrain me against my Inclinations  
 " to accept thee for my Lord; thou,  
 " whom I must ever abhor, as the  
 " Murderer of my Husband, the Ruiner  
 " of thy Country; and, in a Word, as  
 " the Enemy to all that's Just. The  
 Earl was going to answer me, when a  
 Person came to tell him that *Queen*  
*Margaret* was come to *St. Albans* with  
 her

her Army. *Warwick* roused at this, took a hasty Farewel of me, and gathering about him what Forces he cou'd, with the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* and divers other Noblemen, they march'd to *St. Albans*, taking along with them the Unfortunate King *Henry*. Queen *Margaret*, in Valour above her Sex, commanded her Men to enter the Town, and fall upon the Enemy, which they did with so much Success, that, after a Bloody Fight, She recover'd the King, and clearly won the Day. *Warwick* escaping went to joyn the Earl of *March*.

The meeting of the King and Queen was with a great deal of Joy. The King Knighted his Son, then but Eight years old; but hearing that *March* and *Warwick* were marching with a great Army to *London*, and that the Citizens were wholly for them; the King and Queen took into the North to raise more Forces. As for my Self, I retir'd to the Dutches of *Bedford*, then at *Grafton-House*, whilst the Earls *March* and *Warwick* enter *London* in Triumph, where, having made known his just

Title to the Crown, was saluted King by his whole Army by the Name of *Edward the Fourth*, the General Voice concurring in one, and disabling *Henry* for ever from the Crown.

But hearing how *Henry* was beloved in the North, he set out from *London* with a compleat Army to encounter him ; and coming near to *Pomfret* he sent the Lord *Fitz-Water* to keep a Passage, when Young *Clifford* on *Henry's* Side came also with the same design to the same Place, and Routed the *Yorkists*, who presently fled. *Warwick* perceiving this, Rod hastily to K. *Edward*, and alighting hid his Horse in that Place ; Let them Fly, my Lord, said the Earl, that are Cowardly enough to do so, for my Part I will stay to the last Man ; and kissing the the Hilt of his Sword, the Complement by which they bound an Oath, together with *Fauconbridge* rallied and won the Day by the Death of the Lord *Clifford*.

But

But this was but the Forerunner of what follow'd the next day. *Edward* Fifty Thousand strong, and *Henry* Threescore, meant then to decide the Fatal Title. The Young King made Proclamation that all shou'd depart his Army that fear'd to Fight, and that done advanc'd to the Battel, a thick Mist and Snow that fell, the Wind blowing it just into the Faces of the *Lancastrian* Army, was Fatal to them, for having spent all their Arrows at random, and King *Edward's* Men having their Quivers full, gaul'd them so when they came nearer, that the Day was entirely lost on *Henry's* Side, and he constrain'd with the Queen and Prince to fly into *Scotland*. *Margaret* accused the Ill Fortune of her Husband, who had never been a Victor wheresoever he came; but her Heart not daunted at any thing passed into *France*, to request aid of the King of *France* and her Father. But that came to nothing; for a Storm surprizing them when they were ready to Land, almost all perished; Queen *Margaret* with much ado, and great danger, in a small Vessel got

to *Berwick*. After this *Henry* enter'd *Northumberland* in a hostile manner; but *Montacute*, *Warwick's* Brother, Encountring him, put him to flight; from whence he hardly escaped into *Lancashire*, where he lived miserably for two years in Caves. But being at last discovered, and Arrested by *Warwick*, he was shamefully brought up to *London* and put into the Tower, where the King's Brother, the Wicked Duke of *Glocester*, our now dreaded Enemy, without *Edward's* Knowledge, Ponyarded him to the Heart, of which he presently Dy'd, the Unfortunate Queen being then in *France*. And *Warwick* who saw very well that *Edward* would never be in Peace till that Alliance was broke, proposed a Marriage for him with the Lady *Bona*, a Daughter of *Savoy*, and Sister to the *French* Queen; and *Warwick*, in an unheard of Magnificence for retinue, and every thing that cou'd render an Embassy splendid, was Named by the King to go to *France*, to Solicite that Marriage. The Earl who still remembred me demanded me of *Edward*. The King had never seen me, and easily consented to what the Earl



Earl desir'd; who came himself to the Dutchess my Mother to tell me what I was to rely upon.

He made use of all his Address to win me to a Compliance, and having with deep Protestations assur'd me that he wou'd constrain me at his return, he departed, and left me to bewail my hard fate. But it was not long that I remain'd in Fear of this outrageous Earl; for King *Edward* coming to Hunt in the Forrest joyning *Grafton*, the Dutchess commanded me to go, attended, and intreat of him the honour of a Visit. I cannot tell you what aversion I had in my Heart for a Man whose ruin I so often vow'd. I dread, ed to see in him, the fatal Enemy of the House of *Lancaster*, to which I was passionately devoted. I went then, attended with our ordinary retinue, and met the King at the entrance into the Forrest, coming to Visit the Dutchess, my dress was negligent and after the manner of the Country, and I can assure you I little thought of so Illustrious a Conquest. But casting my Eyes upon the King, who was alighted to receive me,

me, I found something in his Person so Beautiful, that from an Enemy I became a Lover, and, with a great deal of disorder, acquitted my self of the Complement the Dutchess had order'd me. The King beheld me with a great deal of eagerness, and, having taken my hand to lead me, he said a great many things to me upon my Beauty, and much condemn'd me for affecting Solitude so much. Then he ask'd me if I had any thing in the chance of this Warlike Age that displeas'd me, and conjur'd me, to make use of his Authority for whatever I desir'd. I cast my self at his Feet to return him Thanks for his Favour, and believing I might ask without being deny'd. " My Lord, said  
 " I to him, in shedding some Tears, I  
 " demand Justice of your Majesty a-  
 " gainst the Earl of *Warwick*, who, not  
 " content with killing my Husband,  
 " demands me as the Infamous Price  
 " of that Murder. But, my Lord, I  
 " do not believe that you will begin  
 " or continue your Reign with Injustice,  
 " and therefore I conjure you not to  
 " declare in my Lord *Warwick's* favour  
 " since it is so repugnant to my In-  
 " clinations.

"clinations. He has made me believe  
 "that your Majesty, in favour of him,  
 "will violate the Laws of Nature,  
 "which makes a Generous Woman,  
 "abhor to Wed the Murderer of her  
 "Husband. You are in the right,  
 "Madam, interrupted the King, raising  
 "me from the Ground, I have so great  
 "a share in what concerns you, that I  
 "will not only protect you against the  
 "Earl of *Warwick*, but all the Power  
 "of *Europe* shou'd they offer you any  
 "Violence. I cast my self then at  
 the King's Feet the Second time to re-  
 turn him my acknowledgments for the  
 honour he did me. All the rest of the  
 day he apply'd himself to me, and only  
 some few moments, out of a Ceremoni-  
 ous Civility, entertain'd the Dutches.  
 The next Visit that he made me he de-  
 clared to me that my Beauty and the  
 Charms of my Wit had made him un-  
 easy, and that, in a word, he was  
 touched with some concern for my  
 Merit. I resisted a long time this be-  
 lief, and yet was at last constrain'd to  
 lay down my Incredulity. " If I did  
 " not Love you, Madam, said the King  
 " to me, after a great deal of other  
 " Discourse,

" Discourse, I would not give my self;  
 " nor you, the trouble of Dissembling;  
 " but I protest to you I have that Ex-  
 " cessive Passion for you that I am irre-  
 " coverably lost if you have not some  
 " Pity upon me. He contented him-  
 " self, for that Visit, only to acquaint me  
 " with his Love; but in others that he  
 " made he began to express more than I  
 " thought my Virtue or Honour cou'd  
 " bear. " My Lord, said I to him, after  
 " a great many Solicitations, I know  
 " my self unworthy of being your Wife,  
 " but I know also that my Virtue dis-  
 " dains a baser Passion, and in that way  
 " the greatest Monarch that has ever  
 " Reign'd wou'd be the object of my  
 " Hatred. Therefore, my Lord, your  
 " Majesty may assure your self that I  
 " shall deny you as I ought. You may  
 " indeed, reply'd the King, resolve to  
 " Ruin me, and, in a word, to deprive  
 " me of my Life for that must follow.  
 " If you disdain the Testimonies I will  
 " give you of my Passion they are not  
 " so inglorious for you as you imagine;  
 " neither will there be any Reflections  
 " made upon your Virtue; if there be  
 " any fault it will be mine, and my  
 " Authority

" Authority will take off any blemish  
 " from you. It will be much easier  
 " answer'd I, if your Majesty wou'  
 " resolve never to see me more; for,  
 " in a word, I had rather dye with  
 " Honour than Live with Infamy. As  
 I finish'd these words the Blood blush'd  
 over all my Face, and saluting the King,  
 I retired, and left him alone. I can-  
 not tell you what were his Thoughts  
 on this occasion; but, as for me, I found  
 my self combured with Love, Virtue,  
 Anger and Disdain. I exclaim'd, to  
 my Mother, at the Wickedness of this  
 Monarch, who desired to bring Infamy  
 into Illustrious Families. The Dutches  
 assur'd me that all the King's proceed-  
 ing was only an effect of his Irresoluti-  
 on: She advis'd me to manage him,  
 and being not mistaken in that extra-  
 ordinary Passion he had for me, She  
 told me that I shou'd be shortly Queen,  
 and she shou'd see the Audacious *War-*  
*wick* disgraced, for whom she ever had  
 an extraordinary Aversion. As for  
 me, I resolv'd rather to dye than  
 blemish my Glory, and believing it im-  
 possible that the King shou'd love me  
 enough to Marry me, I determin'd to  
 raise

raise from my Heart those Sentiments I had for him, and to Perish rather than suffer him to offend my Virtue. The next day I heard nothing from him, and so three and four pass'd, which made me believe that he had taken the advice I gave him never to see me more. But the sixth day my Lord *Fauconbridge* brought me a Letter from his Majesty, which I found in these Words,

To



To the LADY  
Elizabeth Gray.

**I***This no ordinary thing ,  
Madam , to have a Mo-  
narch in Love to that degree  
as I am , and you pretend this  
Passion merits not any thing  
from you . What have I done  
to merit a repulse so cruel ?  
It is death for me not to see  
you , but it is something worse  
to find you so insensible . What  
is it you desire of me , let me  
know , and , if it be not im-  
possible , I will grant it you ?  
But when I consider that I do  
all this for a Lady that has  
no concern for me , to whom I  
am*

*am wholly Indifferent, I return  
to my former Languishments,  
and find my self more unhappy  
than the meanest Person of my  
Realm. Have pity then, I  
conjure you, and resolve to pre-  
vent the Ruin of the Unfortu-  
nate*

**Edward.**

I Read this Letter, not without disorder, and yielding to the Perswasions of my Lord *Faulconbridge*, who mightily importun'd me, I made this following Answer.

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To the

K I N G.

**T**HE *Passion which your Majesty has for me is indeed my Astonishment and my Grief. I see inevitably that one or other of us must fail in our Duty; but how unequal wou'd be our failures shou'd it come to be impartially decided? Your Majesty wou'd lose nothing but a little Interest, whereas I shou'd be eternally disgrac'd. And had I*  
as

*as great a want of Virtue as  
 of Indifferency for your Ma-  
 jesty, I shou'd not long hesitate,  
 but blindly carried by a Fatal  
 Passion, I shou'd be no longer  
 an Enemy to your desires, your  
 Vows wou'd be agreeable, and  
 I shou'd establish my self upon  
 so Wicked a Basis ; I say these  
 wou'd be my Misfortunes, if  
 my Virtue cou'd submit to my  
 Inclinations. Therefore you  
 unjustly accuse me of Insensi-  
 bility, and if your Majesty re-  
 solves to do me any further ho-  
 nour, that can no longer serve  
 for a pretext. You bid me de-  
 mand with assurance of receiv-  
 ing ; alas ! it is not for me to  
 give Laws to your Majesty,  
 hearken only to the Precepts of  
 Virtue, and she will tell you that  
 which I dare not do, and yet  
 what I must follow ; it is by her  
 that I must be guided ; it is she  
 only*

*only that can make me yours :  
 And since I must avow it ( if  
 she alone can dispose of my Life,  
 for if your Majesty finds it im-  
 possible to live without me ; I  
 shall find it as hard not to run  
 to Death ) the only Sanctuary  
 that can relieve my Virtue, and  
 put me out of that pain of dis-  
 obeying your Majesty.*

---

**All**

All the following Night I was in an  
 extream perplexity, I knew not what  
 to hope or fear, but this I resolv'd, not  
 to offend my Glory. The next day the  
 King arriv'd in a Magnificent Garb,  
 and, being come to me, he took out my  
 Letter and kiss'd it several times before  
 me. " You have given me Life,  
 " Madam, said he, in telling me you  
 " love me, and I protest to you by all  
 " those Saints that hear me, that I shall  
 " find it easy for me to obey you,  
 " loving you as I do; but you must  
 " grant me then some mark of your  
 " Love before I yield to the greatest  
 " proof of mine. I have suffer'd In-  
 " conceivable Pains in not seeing You,  
 " and I must resolve either to dye or  
 " have you mine. You know how to  
 " make me happy, and were it not  
 " for *Warwick's* Negotiation in the  
 " *French* Court, I wou'd not delay a  
 " moment in setting the Crown upon  
 " your Head. My Lord, reply'd I in  
 " giving him my Hand, it is not the  
 " Diadem that I desire, secure my  
 " Virtue, and let me live obscure, so  
 " that I may be but Yours with Hon-  
 " our



" our, and I shall be careful of nothing  
 " else. My Lord *Warwick* knows by  
 " Experience ( if he has not lied to  
 " me ) that Love is above Reason, and  
 " your Majesty is too potent to stand  
 " in need of any Forreign Alliance ;  
 " A Daughter of *Savoy* will no more  
 " enlarge your Dominions than my  
 " self, but grant she cou'd bring with  
 " her the World, wou'd you abandon  
 " me to Death for a little Interest ?  
 " How true is it, that in this World  
 " we ought rather to seek Enjoyments  
 " by Delights, than by troublesome  
 " Empires. Death will take them all  
 " from us, and leave us without the  
 " Satisfaction of having done every  
 " thing that might compleat our Fe-  
 " licities. My Lord *Warwick* will no  
 " sooner return, but he will persecute  
 " me again ; and shou'd your Majesty  
 " ( as I question not your Clemency  
 " and Justice ) protect me, he wou'd  
 " believe himself as highly injur'd, as  
 " now, shou'd you prefer your own  
 " choice to his. Your reasons are un-  
 " deniable, reply'd the King, ( in  
 " pressing my hand which he had often  
 " kiss'd ) and it is much more Glory  
 " to

“ to obey you, than foully to break a  
 “ Negotiation, which must make me  
 “ unhappy. But how can I assure my  
 “ self that you are Sincere ? You  
 “ wou’d have me do all for you with-  
 “ out advancing one step. How ! my  
 “ Lord, Interrupted I hastily, does  
 “ your Majesty think it is nothing for  
 “ a Lady of so strict a Virtue, as I  
 “ really am, to avow a Tenderness for  
 “ a Person that perhaps will prove  
 “ Ungrateful ? There is no danger of  
 “ that, reply’d the King, but you must  
 “ give me leave to doubt your Sin-  
 “ cerity. I have more Honour than  
 “ to seduce a Person I so much love.  
 “ You need not then fear any thing  
 “ from me, for provide I you give me  
 “ that proof of your Love which I  
 “ desire, I protest to you before that  
 “ Great God which hears us, to make  
 “ you my Wife. I pretend therefore  
 “ to make this Trial of your kindness  
 “ for me ; if it be true, that you have  
 “ any, you cannot but make it evident  
 “ in this that I demand of you ; and  
 “ if not, you make me the most miser-  
 “ able Man in the World : For be  
 “ assured that were I capable to forget  
 “ my

" my Dignity to gratify my Love;  
 " (as I am but too readily assenting)  
 " it shou'd never be for a Passion that  
 " finds no other Charms in me than  
 " what proceeds from the Scepter.  
 " Hold, interrupted I, and let me for  
 " once forget the Respect I owe to  
 " Your Majesty; Your Diadem, as I  
 " have told you, is not what I desire,  
 " and to give you a Testimony of my  
 " Love, I never will accept of it.  
 " This is all that I can do for you,  
 " for having avowed to you my Passion  
 " without being Credited, I can slight  
 " a Crown to convince you. But ex-  
 " pect no more, my Honour is more  
 " Sacred, than all the Dignity's upon  
 " Earth; and cou'd I be so base to  
 " forfeit, I were worthy to be de-  
 " ceiv'd of those you offer me. Alas!  
 " I shou'd be no longer meriting your  
 " Love; with what Assurance, in so  
 " despicable a State, cou'd I demand  
 " the Performance of your Promise?  
 " My Guilt wou'd make me tremble  
 " at the only Sanctuary against all my  
 " Misfortunes, Death; and like my  
 " Lady *Lucy*, who has ruin'd her self  
 " to please your Majesty, I shou'd find  
 " my

“ my self forsaken, and what is worse?  
 “ I cou’d not with Innocency complain.  
 “ Leave me then, Cruel as you are,  
 “ abandon me for ever; but least you  
 “ shou’d not have Power to do it,  
 “ added I, in turning from him, and  
 “ drying some Tears that fell, it is  
 “ fit I shou’d begin. And know I am  
 “ proud to tell you, that I refuse, and  
 “ wou’d refuse, not only your Person,  
 “ but your Diadem, were it offer’d  
 “ me. I will never behold you more.  
 “ For how can I do it when I shall  
 “ never cast my Eyes upon the King,  
 “ whom I so much Love, without see-  
 “ ing in him the Ruiner of my Virtue  
 “ and Honour. Death will free me  
 “ from all your Wickednesses, and  
 “ I will not be long absent from him,  
 “ he is my most faithful Assistant, and  
 “ it is to him that I am hast’ning.  
 As I finish’d these Words I wou’d  
 have gone away, but the King detain’d  
 me, tho’ I brake from him and was  
 retiring, when he held me by my  
 Gown; and kneeling with one knee  
 upon my Train; “ You must pardon  
 “ me, Madam, said he to me, for in-  
 “ juring your Virtue, but the Recom-  
 “ pence

" pence I will make her, shall outweigh  
 " it. And since it must be so, I will  
 " no longer hearken to Interest nor  
 " Reason, tho' the refusal shou'd draw  
 " upon me a War from *France*. You  
 " shall be *Queen*, you merit it more  
 " than any. Resolve then either to  
 " Reign or to see me dye. The latter  
 " is as much too grievous for me, re-  
 " ply'd I, in raising the King from  
 " his Knees, as the other too Glori-  
 " ous; and Your Majesty will pardon  
 " me if I refuse an Honour of which  
 " I am altogether unworthy. You  
 " must give me leave to retire, and  
 " herhaps in my absence you may  
 " better resolve on abandoning me for  
 " ever. As I had done speaking I  
 " went away, tho' I turn'd first to salute  
 " the King with all the Mildness in my  
 " Eyes that I cou'd assume. As for him,  
 " he stood immoveable; and, as he con-  
 " fess'd to me since, so surpriz'd at my  
 " Courage and Virtue, that he then re-  
 " solv'd upon what he did put in practice.  
 " After he had continued some time  
 " without speaking, he call'd my Lord  
 " *Fauconbridge* to him, who was the confi-  
 " dent of this Intrigue. " *Fauconbridge*,

" said he, go to my Lady *Elizabeth*  
 " and tell her I am ruin'd if she does  
 " not allow me one moment or two  
 " of Audience. Conjure her to grant  
 " it me, or she must relolve to see me  
 " dye. My Lord *Fauconbridge* came  
 to me in my Cabinet, where I was  
 weeping, and delivered me the King's  
 Message. I gave him then my hand to  
 lead me back to *Edward*, I held a  
 Handkerchief to my Eyes, my Sobs  
 hinder'd me from speaking, which  
 touch'd the King more sensibly than  
 any thing. He ran hastily to me, and  
 taking me in his Arms, " You have  
 " at last Vanquish'd me, *Madam*, cry'd  
 " he, with a tone very Passionate,  
 " and I will here lay down my Life at  
 " your Feet, if you will not share  
 " with me my Kingdom. Speak no  
 " more to me of what is past. For-  
 " get that I wou'd have ever injur'd  
 " your Virtue. And if you love me,  
 " as you have told me, make me not  
 " any more denyals. He said a great  
 deal more to me, it was long before  
 I cou'd suffer my self to be perswad-  
 ed; but at length I yielded to a Re-  
 conciliation, and in the presence of the  
 Dutcheß



Dutchess of *Bedford*, my Father, my Lord *Fauconbridge*, and *Stafford*, I was assured to the King, and the Marriage was to be privately Solemniz'd within Six days.

The King's Mother, the Old Dutchess of *York*, had her Spyes in every Place, and upon the Intelligence she had of his Passion for me, she resolv'd to joyn Policy to the Authority of a Parent, and hazard all things to break this Marriage, which she by no means approv'd of. And coming to the King in his Cabinet, the day after our Affair had been concluded. " My  
 " Lord, said she to him, If your Ma-  
 " jesty will look back with a serious  
 " Eye upon those Infinite Calamities  
 " you have passed, you will, I question  
 " not, have a care lest you run your  
 " self into greater. Which to avoid,  
 " I think it both safe and honourable  
 " that you Esponse some Forrein  
 " Princess for an enlargement of your  
 " Kingdom abroad, and, as the case  
 " stands, to be assisted at home, shou'd  
 " *Margaret* and her Son attempt any  
 " thing against you. Besides, my  
 D 3 Lord,

“ Lord, the Earl of *Warwick* has sent  
 “ word to your Majesty that he only  
 “ waits for new Orders to bring over  
 “ the *French* Queen’s Sister. All things  
 “ being agreed upon, and *Lewis*, by  
 “ this Marriage, taken from the In-  
 “ terest of *Margaret*. But, my Lord,  
 “ if you your self know my Lord *War-*  
 “ *wick* has proceeded so far by your  
 “ Majesty’s command; and yet at the  
 “ same time, by some other Act of  
 “ yours, have barr’d that good design  
 “ from taking any Effect; it is much  
 “ to be fear’d *France* will revenge this  
 “ Injury: But grant that no War  
 “ shou’d follow this Refusal, it argues  
 “ but a mean Spirit for a King to  
 “ Marry a Subject, and especially one  
 “ without a Dowry, and who can plead  
 “ no other merit than having (through  
 “ a Youthful humour in your Majesty)  
 “ had the good Fortune to please you.  
 “ And tho’ I acknowledge that in the  
 “ Person of *Elizabeth* there is nothing  
 “ to be dislik’d, yet is there nothing  
 “ more extraordinary than what your  
 “ Majesty will find in greater Ladys,  
 “ that better merit the Tittle of Queen.  
 “ Besides, my Lord, she is no Virgin,  
 “ and

" and but the Relict of a miserable  
 " Knight, who lost his Life in Fight-  
 " ing for your Enemies. She has Chil-  
 " dren also, and tho' her Birth be  
 " Illustrious on the part of her Mother,  
 " yet we all know Sir *Richard Wood-*  
 " *vile* her Father. And it is to be  
 " fear'd, shou'd your Majesty conde-  
 " scend to this Alliance, your Subjects  
 " wou'd despise your humble choice,  
 " and never pay you that respect which  
 " they ought. The Dutcheß having  
 done speaking, expected *Edward's* re-  
 ply. But the King who had no mind  
 to quarrel with his Mother, and re-  
 solving to marry me, infinitely displeas'd  
 her, by turning the Business into  
 Banter, which he knew how to do  
 better than any. ( that pleasant sort  
 of Wit being, more than to any, Na-  
 tural to him. ) However, he express'd  
 himself at last very gravely in this man-  
 ner. " Your Grace, Madam, said he  
 " to her, is not Ignorant that Marri-  
 " age is a Sacred thing, and ought in  
 " good earnest to be consummated,  
 " where both Hearts concur. My  
 " choice, Madam, is pleasing to my  
 " self, and I am very sorry it is not so

to your Grace. I doubt not but it  
 will meet with the Approbation of  
 my Subjects. Your Grace has wisely  
 Urged, that we shou'd avoid such  
 things as may bring fresh Calami-  
 ties upon us; and I think the best  
 way to do it will be to assure my  
 self of the Love of my People; and  
 notwithstanding you are pleas'd to  
 say they will despise me for it, yet  
 I certainly know they will rejoyce at  
 this Alliance; and it is their Amity  
 I desire, before that of all other  
 Nations. This will engage them to  
 Love me, when they see, that, tho'  
 I am their Sovereign, I disdain not  
 to marry amongst them. And as  
 for my Children, will they not have  
 more Reason to Love them, being  
 born as they will be, of no Forreign  
 Parent. And if Alliances abroad  
 are so necessary, my Brothers are  
 ready to be Sacrific'd for the good  
 of the State. But for me, your  
 Grace won't take it ill if I tell you,  
 that to please others, I cannot yield  
 to displease my self. My Possessions  
 are already large enough, and new  
 Inheritances prove often the occasion  
 of

" of more Trouble than Advantage.  
 " We have already Title in *France* to  
 " more than one King can recover and  
 " preserve. I question not the good  
 " Judgment your Grace has in Beauty,  
 " there may, 'tis true, be Ladies Fairer  
 " than Lady *Elizabeth*; I leave them  
 " to those that shall Esteem them so,  
 " without repining; and it is but Just  
 " I shou'd not be deny'd that Liberty  
 " I allow to others. You know,  
 " Madam, that there is a Destiny in  
 " Marriage, but to have a Wife that  
 " we cannot affect, is the greatest In-  
 " felicity. *Warwick* loves me well  
 " enough not to repine; nor is he  
 " so unreasonable to expect my Heart,  
 " shou'd prefer his Choice to my own.  
 " This wou'd be to be under the Go-  
 " vernment of a Subject; and I assure  
 " your Grace I wou'd not be a King  
 " upon those hard Conditions. What  
 " taste shall I have in Empire, if the  
 " only Person I can Love is deny'd  
 " me? Ah! Madam, I shou'd be  
 " more Wretched than the most un-  
 " happy Man in the Nation. The  
 " Objection your Grace makes of her  
 " being the Widow of my Enemy,

“ and a Mother of Children, is of very  
 “ little force; and the last ought to  
 “ give you most Joy, since it is to be  
 “ hoped the Marriage will not prove  
 “ Steril. As for her Father, we have  
 “ Power and Will to advance him to  
 “ a higher Dignity. Therefore I must  
 “ desire your Grace not to say any  
 “ thing more of it to me; I shall take  
 “ Counsel of my own desires, and Lady  
 “ *Elizabeth's* Virtues, which, better than  
 “ any, merits the Crown I intend to  
 offer her.

The Dutchess seeing the King fo-  
 obstinate, retir'd with much Disdain,  
 but with a firm resolution to hinder  
 the Marriage as she cou'd. Her hatred  
 to me was extraordinary. For she  
 rather consented that Lady *Lucy*, whom  
 the King had not long before ruin'd;  
 shou'd be Queen than me: Tho' there  
 was no blemish of Virtue in my con-  
 duct, and my Lady *Lucy* had had a Son  
 by *Edward*. Certainly the Dutchess  
 was much to be blam'd for promoting  
 such a design: But her pretence was  
 Religion, and that her Conscience  
 wou'd not yield to see any other share  
 the



the King's Bed but my Lady *Lucy*, whom, as she said, he was contracted to. The Dutchess so openly avowed this, that neither the King nor the Bishops cou'd Solemnize the Marriage with me till the business was farther clear'd. To that End the King Summon'd a Court where Lady *Lucy* was cited to appear to depose upon Oath what had pass'd between the King and her. The Dutchess of *York* and her adherents instructed her in what she shou'd say, and bid her confidently make her claim of Marriage. She promis'd them she wou'd not fail. But being come into the Court, and the Oath offer'd to her, she confess'd she had never been assur'd. Then turning to the King that was near her, she fell at his Feet all in Tears. "Your Majesty (says she to him) "knows that I do you Justice, in avowing that there was no Contract "past between us, and I am proud, "that, in my ruin, I can contribute "any thing to your Majesty's repose. "You know well, my Lord, those "tender words you so often utter'd, "gave me almost an assurance that  
"you

" you lov'd me well enough to marry  
 " me. But alas! how vain, and how  
 " ill grounded were those hopes. I  
 " can further add, that had it not  
 " been for those words so full of  
 " Love, I wou'd never have shew'd  
 " to your Majesty so much kindness  
 " and weakness. But since they are  
 " past, and that nothing remains to  
 " me of that Passion but Infamy, I  
 " will not contribute ( by a History  
 " of what is past ) to your Majesty's  
 " disorder. My mean Beauty must not  
 " hope it can rekindle a dying fire;  
 " and my Soul that adores you above  
 " all things perswades me to reproach,  
 " rather my self for being deluded,  
 " than your Majesty for seducing. Have  
 " only some tenderness for my Me-  
 " mory, and care for that Young Prince  
 " I leave you. As for me, I depart  
 " for ever from your Majesty. At  
 " these words she kiss'd the King's  
 " Hand, which he gave to raise her  
 " up, and was going to retire, when  
 " *Edward* bid her not despair, and  
 " assur'd her he wou'd take all im-  
 " aginable care of her Fortune, and  
 " her Sons Education and Advance-  
 " ment.

"ment. She thanked his Majesty, but  
 told him, " Her purpose was to go  
 " for ever from him, and retire her  
 " self into a Monastery. The King  
 did not much perswade her to the  
 contrary, but having recommended  
 himself to her Prayers, he took her  
 in his Arms, " and assur'd her, her  
 " Memory and her Love shou'd be  
 " dear to him, and that he wou'd de-  
 monstrate it to her Son. Then  
 giving her his last farewell, he kiss'd  
 her upon the Cheek. The poor Lady  
 was so struck with this doleful Se-  
 paration, that she swoon'd in the  
 King's Arms, who committing her to  
 the care of Women about her, went  
 out of the Court, and immediatly  
 took Horse to come to me at his  
 mannor of *Grafton* near *Nottingham*.  
 I cannot tell you what was my Joy  
 to see him Arrive. He protested to  
 me, with all the Demonstrations of  
 an Unchangeable Affection, that he  
 had been tortur'd with uneasiness since  
 he had been divided from me. He  
 added further that he wou'd not have  
 our Nuptials delay'd. Then were we  
 privately Married in the presence of  
 his

his two Confidents the Dutchess of Bedford, my Father, my Brother, and some of my Women. Not long after we were brought to London, and upon the twenty sixth of May I was Crown'd at Westminster with as much Pomp as the Greatest Queen had ever been. The King honour'd me with an Excess of Passion, and created my Father Earl of Rivers, and Lord High Constable of England. My Brother was Married to the Heir of my Lord Seales. My Young Son, by my first Marriage, was created Marquess of Dorset, and Match'd with the only Child of my Lord Bonville. Both of them Ladies of the greatest Fortunes in the whole Kingdom, and of the most merit.

Warwick, who was returning to England, no sooner heard that I was Married to the King, but he rag'd like one out of his Wits. He was infinitely concern'd. His Honour, of which he was so jealous, told him, That King Edward had Betray'd him. He judg'd his Credit lost with the French, but resolv'd to redeem it by the Ruin of my Lord. Ah! said he to himself,

self, " Ungratefull King, Didst thou  
 " not owe me more than this? Me,  
 " I say, that Advanc'd thee to the  
 " Throne! How perfidiously hast thou  
 " dealt with me! Is this then the  
 " end of my Negotiation? Was I  
 " sent to *France* for no other end  
 " than that thou mightest marry the  
 " Mistress I ador'd? Well! *Edward*,  
 " thou shalt find, that, as *Warwick*  
 " rais'd, he will debase thee. *Eng-*  
 " *land* has not defended Kings from  
 " my Sword. *Queen Margaret* and  
 " her Son are still living, and at Li-  
 " berty; and Unfortunate *Henry*, tho'  
 " a Prisoner, shall once again be  
 " mounted on his Throne. I can make  
 " him no other Satisfaction than by  
 " ruining the Ungreatful *Edward*. And  
 " thou *Elizabeth*, whom I have so much  
 " lov'd, I'll banish thee from my Heart,  
 " cruel as thou art, and make thee see,  
 " that the Crown thou wearest is not  
 " more Splendid than the State to  
 " which I wou'd have rais'd thee.

Did

Did not your Majesty, Interrupted Lady *Elizabeth*, tell me that my Uncle *Glocester* had Ponyarded the Unfortunate *Henry*. 'Tis very true, I did so, reply'd the Queen, the desire I had of relating things as Succinctly as possible made me place his Death sooner than it fell out ; for it was not till afterwards that my Brother *Glocester* Murder'd him, as you shall understand anon. Lady *Elizabeth* having crav'd Pardon of the Queen for Interrupting her ; her Majesty went on thus.

The Earl of *Warwick* dissembling his hatred and resentment, came to kiss the King's hand, with all the Demonstrations of Loyalty. I counsel'd *Edward* to beware of him, for his change was quickly observ'd ; the King follow'd my Advice, and received him very favourably. *Warwick* had his Ear before any other, but yet he repos'd no confidence in him. The Earl made none of his Discontents appear. He was extremely courteous to me. He commended me in all companies, applauded the King's choice. And when he



he run at the Ring, or Tournaments, he always wore my Colours, and, as he was ever the Conquerour, he laid his Trophys at my Feet. The King was not of an Age to be Jealous, being no more than Twenty when he first wore the Crown, and besides one of the goodliest Men that was ever seen, the Ladies usually calling him before he was King the Beautiful Earl of *March*.

But to return to our Story, I made the King see that all my Lord *Warwick's* demonstrations of Loyalty were but feigned, which made him resolve to watch him more narrowly. The Earl was indeed grown too popular, there was more Court made to him than to the King. It was apparent that he design'd something further; for his retinue was compos'd of the Noblest Gentlemen in *England*. He kept a most Magnificent Table, and was more than ordinary Liberal. The King fearing him, took from his Brother the Bishop of *Exeter* the Great Seal, and from *John Nevil*, the Earl's Youngest Brother, the Earldom of *Northum-*

*Northumberland*; creating him in the room thereof *Marquess Montacute*; a Greater Name but less in Power, and bestowed the Lady *Margaret*, his Majesty's own Sister, upon the Duke of *Burgundy's* Son, much against *Warwick's* Advice, because it was against the *French* Interest, which the Earl had now made his.

Things pass thus for some Time at Court, I observed the Duke of *Clarence*, the King's other Brother was discontented. I told *Edward* of it, who spoke to him about it, but he confess'd not any thing. Mean time I imagin'd that the Earl from a Lover was become my Mortal Enemy. He was one Evening in the King's Garden, where I was walking, I call'd him to me, and looking upon me with a fix'd regard, " My Lord *Warwick*, said I to him, you  
 " must tell me what your Thoughts of  
 " me have been upon this extraordinary  
 " Honour the King has done me.  
 " It is not for me, reply'd the Earl  
 " with a feign'd Respect, to entertain  
 " my Sovereign with Discourses  
 " so frivolous as my Thoughts. The  
 " difference

" difference has not been so long be-  
 " tween us, answered I, that you shou'd  
 " treat me with so much Ceremony,  
 " as for Example, that cruel day be-  
 " fore you departed for *France*. Yes,  
 " cry'd out the Earl, all transported  
 " at that Reproach, Your Majesty re-  
 " members well ; and if you must  
 " know what I think, I pity you for  
 " suffering your self to be dazled by  
 " an Imaginary Diadem. Imaginary,  
 " *Warwick*, reply'd I, do you not see  
 " that it effectually adorns my Head ;  
 " but it was not that I sought ; *Ed-*  
 " *ward*, as you know, has more Merit  
 " than all Mankind besides ; and it  
 " was that that touch'd my Heart.  
 " If I still lov'd you, answered the  
 " Insolent Earl, this which you tell me  
 " wou'd afflict me ; but I am now  
 " for something more solid, and ad-  
 " vise your Majesty to reflect a little  
 " upon the Destiny of Queen *Margaret*,  
 " that wonder of her Sex, a Princess  
 " born, who more than any deserved  
 " a better Fortune, and you will there  
 " see so great an Instance of Human  
 " Changes, that, if your Majesty be not  
 " entirely blinded by the Scepter, 'twill  
 " convince

“ convince you the World is subject  
 “ to alterations. When he had done  
 speaking he bowed to me and went  
 off with the Duke of *Clarence*, who was  
 going out of the Garden. As for me,  
 I fail’d not to tell the King all our  
 Discourse, which so much perplexed  
 his Majesty that it repented me of  
 having told him any thing; for his dis-  
 content arose because he could not  
 punish the Earl as he deserved.

Mean time the Discontented *War-  
 wick* resolving with himself that if he  
 cou’d once draw the Duke of *Clarence* to  
 his side it wou’d much weaken the  
 King’s. The Earl had as much Policy  
 as Wit; he saw the Duke was discon-  
 tented as well as himself. And in going  
 out of the Garden from me that Even-  
 ing, he entred a Conversation with  
 him at a distance, to find how he was  
 affected to the King his Brother. “ My  
 “ Lord Duke, said *Warwick* with a dis-  
 “ satisfy’d Countenance, have you ob-  
 “ served how I am slighted of his Ma-  
 “ jesty. I am sure your Grace is too  
 “ Noble not to take part with the  
 “ injur’d. Is it not this Arm that  
 “ gave

" gave *Edward* the Crown, and does  
 " he repay me with any thing but  
 " Breach of Promise? And what is  
 " worse, cast a Stain upon my honour  
 " in the *French* Court, where they  
 " openly say I dally'd with them, and  
 " acted not by Commission from the  
 " King. Are not these Affronts in-  
 " supportable to a Generous Mind?  
 " Why, my Lord interrupted the  
 " Duke, do you expect that a *Lepre*  
 " shou'd have no Spots in his Skin,  
 " or a *Camelion* no Colours but one?  
 " You are much deceiv'd, and loose but  
 " your labour to wash the Native *In-*  
 " *dian*. Do you expect kindness from  
 " a Nature that is contrary? He that  
 " respects not his Brothers will hardly  
 " think of his Allies. Has he not giv'n  
 " the Fairest and Richest Ladies of the  
 " Realm to his Queen's Kindred? All  
 " is carried in Court by their Advice,  
 " whilst those to whom he has the  
 " greatest Obligations are neglected  
 " by him. But if my Brother of *Glo-*  
 " *cester* would joyn with me we wou'd  
 " make him know the difference be-  
 " tween us is not so great as he ima-  
 " gines, and that we are all Children  
 " of

“ of the renown'd Duke of York. The Earl finding what he sought for, opened himself to the Duke, and promises him the Lady *Isabella* his Daughter, then at *Calais*, not Inferiour to those the Duke had nam'd before; which he accepted with Joy, and a perfect understanding was made between them.

*Warwick* had all things ready for a Commotion before, so that not long after the People rose in great Numbers at *York*, and won two Battels of the King's Generals. And out of the Irreconcilable hatred they bore me, under the leading of a mean Gentleman (for as yet the Duke and the Earl did not appear) they came to *Grafton* House, where the Earl of *Rivers* my Unfortunate Father lay; Him, together with my Brother, they Unfortunately surpris'd, and in *Northampton* struck off their Heads. Having not long before as inhumanly murder'd the Earl of *Pembroke* and his Brother, the King's Generals, whom they had taken.

As



As soon as I heard this Fatal News, I cast my self at the King's Feet to beg Revenge. The King highly lamented with me, and promised me all that I cou'd desire. He prepared then a vast Army, and marched to joyn and Fight with *Warwick* and his Brother, who were upon their march to meet him. The King had a great Courage, but he had much Clemency, and loved the Duke of *Clarence*. He encamped at *Wolney*, within four Miles of his Brother and the Earl's Army. The Politick *Warwick*, not so strong as the King, sent offers of Peace, and promise of Obedlence. The King mistrusted not any Treachery, was secure as he thought, and kept not a Strong Watch. The Earl had Intelligence of it, and wou'd not loose the Advantage. Therefore in the middle of the Night, with a Strong and Chosen Party, he rushed into the King's Camp, and killing those that kept the Watch, went directly to *Edward's* Tent, whom he found in Bed, and brought him Prisoner to *Warwick* Castle; from whence, by easy Journeys in the Night, he convey'd him to a Castle

Castle in *Yorkshire*, leaving him under the care of his Brother the Arch-Bishop of *York*; from whence, the King having the Liberty to Hunt in the Park, not long after escaped to *York*; where he was Joyfully receiv'd, from thence he past into *London*, and *Hastings* Lord Chamberlain met him, with sufficient Forces to Guard him. In the mean time *Warwick*, all in a Rage, accus'd the Arch-Bishops Negligence, but seeing no remedy, he gave it out, that according to his Power of making and unmaking Kings, he had order'd it so that he shou'd Escape. After this there was another Commotion in *Lancashire*, which the King soon dispers'd by a great Victory, in which there fell upwards of Ten Thousand.

This unexpected Loss made the Duke and the Earl Fly into *France*, to Solicite *Lewis* an Enemy to *Edward*; but coming to Land at *Calais*, they narrowly escaped a great danger of being taken by the Duke of *Burgundy*: but advertis'd of it, they weighed off for *Normandy*. *Lewis* knowing *Warwick's* discontent arose because of the Lady *Bona*,  
sent

sent certain Princes to them, to conduct them to the Castle *Amboyse*, and prepared his Assistance for their Restoration, and to raise *Henry* to the Throne. Here Queen *Margaret*, with Prince *Edward*, allied themselves to *Warwick*, the Prince espousing *Ann*, the Second Daughter of the Earl, who was then in *France* with her Sister the Dutcheß of *Clarence*. And they all took an Oath to restore *Henry* to the Throne.

*Edward*, who had Intelligence of all that passed, prepared himself against an Invasion. And I consider'd with myself that if we cou'd once take off the Duke of *Clarence* from *Warwick*'s Party, we shou'd as much weaken his, as strengthen ours. I therefore resolv'd to send a Secret Embassy to him; and chusing out amongst all my Women one whom I thought most proper for such an Enterprize, I sent her to *France* with this Letter to the Duke.

E

For

For the  
Duke of Clarence.

**Y**OU know well, My dearest  
Brother, that it is neither  
Natural nor Honourable for  
you to take part against the  
House of York, and yet you  
do it, as if you were Ignorant,  
that the House of Lancaster,  
by Parliament, is disinherited  
from the Crown, and that  
Henry himself has discharged  
his Posterity from claiming it.  
What then does the Marriage  
of Edward and Ann, War-  
wick's Daughter, portend?  
It is plain they aim at the utter  
Ruin of the House of York,  
of

of which your Grace is one of  
 the principal, and in great  
 probability of wearing that  
 Crown you now labour to set  
 upon the Head of your Ene-  
 mies, The King's Children  
 and mine are Young, and not  
 many; Edward, My Lord,  
 a Lover of Pleasures, a Sin  
 commonly punish'd with want  
 of Posterity; after which your  
 Grace is next heir. Open then  
 your Eyes, My Lord, to your  
 own advantage, and give ear  
 to the Pray'rs of a Sister, that  
 loves you as her own Soul; and  
 who can Promise you, in the  
 Name of her Husband, all that  
 you shall desire. Rely not upon  
 false Warwick, who, tho' he  
 be brave, is yet of a fleeting  
 Faith, and will be as ready to  
 abandon you, upon the least  
 Discontent, as he has done his  
 two Masters, Henry and Ed-

ward. Delay not then, but  
return to your King, and  
Brother, to your Sister and  
Queen.

**Elizabeth.**

**The**



The Lady to whom I gave this Letter, embarked for *France*, and pass'd *Calais*, under pretence of belonging to the Dutcheis of *Clarence*. After which she soon found out the Duke, and happily acquitted her self of her Commission. The Letter wrought so Effectually upon that great Heart, that he resolv'd to follow Nature, and having dismiss'd the Lady, without the Earl's having any Suspicion of the Business, she returned to *England* and delivered me this Answer.

E 3

For

FOR THE  
**QUEEN.**

**I** is not so much my shame,  
 that I have done Ill, as to  
 see my self lyable to the Re-  
 proach of a Lady. Yes, Dear-  
 est Sister, Your Virtue dis-  
 covers the want of mine; and  
 I confess to your Majesty, that  
 I blush at your Reproofs, which  
 I must acknowledge to be just  
 enough, to outweigh what  
 further designs I might have  
 had; and I promise an Affeeti-  
 on more suitable to a Brother,  
 which the King shall find in  
 me. Mean time, I thank your  
 Majesty

*Majesty for bringing me to  
my Duty; tho' I may confident-  
ly avow, I never fail'd, amidst  
all my Misfortunes, in point of  
Inclination to your Majesty.*

**George Clarence.**

E 4

Not

Not long after *Warwick* Landed with great Aids from *France*, and, because the Theme is not grateful, I will pass over our Misfortunes in a few words. The Unfortunate King *Edward* was abandoned by all those that he had trusted; the Souldiers he had rais'd, being, by the Perfidious Commanders, carry'd over to *Warwick's* party. All *England* resounded with no other Cry than King *Henry*, and brave *Warwick*. My Husband finding all false at home, got over, not without great difficulty and danger, to the Duke of *Burgundy* to demand Aid. I cast my self into this Sanctuary, where, immediatly after, I fell in Labour, and, all desolate as I was, brought into the World Prince *Edward*; (for whose Life we have so much apprehension.) Whilst *Warwick* with all his Followers went to the *Tower*, and taking out King *Henry*, again Proclaim'd him, and set him upon his Unfaithful Throne. He march'd the same day in Solemn Procession to the Cathedral of *St. Pauls*, with the Crown upon his Head Cloathed in a long Robe of *Blew Velvet*, the Earl of *Warwick*

*Warwick* bearing his Train. As for me, the most Forlorn Princess that had ever been, I had nothing, in this Cruel Sanctuary, but additional Misfortunes. All King *Edward's* Friends were put to Death, and, in a following Parliament, he attainted of High-Treason, declared an Usurper, and for ever disabled, he or his Issue, from claiming the Crown. *Henry* was Restored, and the Male-Line to Succeed; and failing of that, the Duke of *Clarence* with the Male-Line of his Body. *Warwick* was made Protector of *England*, joynly with the Duke.

The Ambitious Earl came to offer me his Service in the Sanctuary, having first demanded my Permission. And after he had talked awhile to me of the change of Affairs, "Will you not believe, Madam, said he to me, in whatever I shall say to you again, for the Time to come? Wou'd it not have been better for you to have been Countess of *Warwick*, than an Imaginary Queen? What Assistance can you now expect from *Edward*, an Usurper, and a Proclaim'd Traitor?

" Reflect upon your own hard Fate,  
 " and see if you will not find it better'd  
 " in allowing me to renew my Passion  
 " for you. I find that War, nor Time,  
 " Ill accidents, nor your Cruelty, has  
 " diminish'd my Love; and, if you will  
 " agree to it, I promise you that the  
 " Pope will Pronounce the Sentence of  
 " your Divorce from *Edward*; after  
 " which you need not fear any new  
 " Misfortunes, being ally'd to a Man  
 " who has Courage and Power to se-  
 " cure you from them. I wou'd not,  
 " like that Faithless Husband, abandon  
 " you in your Distress, and force you  
 " to have recourse to a Miserable San-  
 " ctuary; *Elizabeth* wou'd be too great  
 " a Prize to leave to every cruel Blast  
 " of Fortune's Malice. You have never  
 " had it yet in your Power, so absolute-  
 " ly to command; but, being my Wife,  
 " you may Rule without controul. Is  
 " it not I that have rais'd *Henry* from  
 " that Prison into which I had cast  
 " him? Is not *England* at my Beck?  
 " Does not all *France* adore me? You  
 " perhaps rely upon the Duke of *Bur-*  
 " gundy, where *Edward* is fled for Re-  
 " fuge. Alas! What can a Simple  
 " Prince



" Prince avail against Great *Warwick* ?  
 " Consider me, then, as I am, and let  
 " your Answer, and your Thoughts  
 " be favourable. See, Madam, con-  
 " tinu'd he, in kneeling to me, a Man  
 " at your Feet, that never Bow'd be-  
 " fore to any Thing that was Mortal,  
 " and were I not assured of your Di-  
 " stress, I wou'd not expose my self  
 " (mauger all the Passion I have for  
 " you) to a Denyal. You see what  
 " I can do for you. You are not Ig-  
 " norant how much I adore you. And,  
 " in a word, in *Warwick* you command  
 " the King. Your Discourse, my Lord,  
 " reply'd I coldly, is fraught with  
 " hopes, and there are so many things  
 " in it, that it will take some Time to  
 " Answer it.

" First, For the Obligations I owe  
 " you; what they are all *England*  
 " knows. My first Husband dy'd by  
 " your hand, then you cruelly perfe-  
 " cuted me with a Passion, that I ever  
 " disliked. After this, you Traiter-  
 " ously Rebell'd against your Anoint-  
 " ed Lord, and was the Occasion of  
 " my Father, and my Brother's Death.

" These

“ These indeed are strong engagements  
 “ why I shou’d affect you. But I have  
 “ yet further obligations to your Lord-  
 “ ship, you have enter’d my Kingdom  
 “ in a Hostile manner, driv’n from the  
 “ Throne your Lawful King, whom  
 “ your self assisted to gain his Right.  
 “ You have made fly his Realm, Pro-  
 “ claim’d another, attainted him in  
 “ Parliament, forced me to this wretch-  
 “ ed Sanctuary, and, to crown all, I see  
 “ you Protector of *Edward’s* People.  
 “ Your Excellency has forgot, I be-  
 “ lieve, all the Benefits you have ren-  
 “ der’d me, and that I have ever found  
 “ in my Lord of *Warwick*, my Parti-  
 “ cular Persecutor, and the general E-  
 “ nemy of the Nation. Those which  
 “ I have recounted, are strong induce-  
 “ ments to make me forsake a Prince  
 “ so amiable as King *Edward*, who has  
 “ passionately Lov’d me, and without  
 “ considering my Honour, or what I  
 “ owed to him. You advise me to sue  
 “ out a Divorce, only to oblige my  
 “ Lord Protector, that particular Bene-  
 “ factor of the Unfortunate *Elizabeth*:  
 “ You enumerate to me the advantages  
 “ of being Yours, and give me a brief  
 “ recital.

" recital of your Power. Think you  
 " that can avail you any thing in my  
 " Heart, since you derive from me all  
 " your false greatness. You Triumph  
 " in my Fall, and all your Glories are  
 " but the Effects of your Cruelty to  
 " my Husband, whom you have dis-  
 " poyl'd and Banished. I never knew  
 " before that any valu'd themselves  
 " for doing Ill; but your Excellency,  
 " by an Extraordinary Undertaking,  
 " pretends I shou'd be the Reward of  
 " those Crimes which you have com-  
 " mitted against me. I deny not but  
 " you have a strange Success in War,  
 " and Kingdoms depend upon the Point  
 " of your Sword. Your Lordship has  
 " also a great many Virtues, to which  
 " is joyn'd a Prodigious Valour; but,  
 " alas! how fatal has it been to the  
 " King and me. Consider that all these  
 " Admirable Qualities are blemish'd in  
 " you by an excess of Perjury and In-  
 " gratitude. After Ages, if they Read  
 " of *Warwick's* Courage, will not fail  
 " to add his Faithlessness to his Prince.  
 " What pity is it that so brave a Man  
 " shou'd be engag'd in a Party from  
 " whence he can expect no Reward but  
 " Infamy.

" Infamy. Your Lordship may be af-  
 " fur'd, that the more remarkable you  
 " make your self by those Prodigious  
 " Acts of Valour ( which are altogether  
 " Miraculous ) the Name of the Traitor  
 " *Warwick* will be deeper Writ, and  
 " they will not speak in Ages to come  
 " of the one without the other. I have  
 " enlarged my self on this Occasion,  
 " to let your Excellency see, if you  
 " think there are so many Attractions  
 " ( as you have vainly imagin'd ) to  
 " seduce me to be Yours, I must also  
 " assure you, that it is but an ill way  
 " to my Heart, to revile the King my  
 " Husband with the Name. And for  
 " that Excess of Passion, which your  
 " Lordship pretends to, I willingly  
 " spare you the Relation of it to me: For  
 " I must tell you, that I am very un-  
 " seasonably importun'd by it: You  
 " have forgot your self in kneeling to  
 " a Wretched Queen. Great *Warwick*  
 " ought to pay that Tribute to none  
 " but Heav'n, and he has handsomly  
 " made me comprehend so much. Up-  
 " on the whole, my Lord, you see what  
 " I ought to do, and what are my  
 " Sentiments. I have only one Request  
 " to

" to your Lordship, and 'tis the last  
 " I shall ever make you, to leave me  
 " the Liberty of this Sanctuary, and  
 " never to see me more. You have  
 " highly injur'd me, and I cannot pro-  
 " mise you that I can always keep my  
 " Temper.

" But do you well know, reply'd  
 " the Earl, that you are now in my  
 " Power, and that this Place you have  
 " taken for a Sanctuary, has but the  
 " Name of one. For if I am that  
 " Monster you have represented me,  
 " I need not fear committing any  
 " Crimes; and advancing one step  
 " further, to secure what I Love, will  
 " not add much to that Infamous Char-  
 " acter you have given me. Consider  
 " of it, Madam, and let me find you  
 " a little more favourable at my next  
 " Visit. The Earl went away, when  
 he had finish'd these Words, and left  
 me more perplex'd than I can express.

King



King *Edward* assisted with Ships,  
 Men, and Money, by the Duke of *Bur-*  
*gundy*, Landed in *Yorkshire*, and Possess'd  
 himself of the City of *York*. The Mar-  
 quess *Montacute*, *Warwick's* Brother,  
 was sent by the Earl to meet him, and  
 hinder his further Progress. *Edward*  
 March'd further on to *Nottingham*, his  
 Numbers daily encreasing, and, being  
 Stronger than the Marquess, he durst  
 not present him Battel. The White  
 Rose thus Blooming, and the Red Fad-  
 ing. *Edward's* Train as he pass'd was  
 augmented like a River fed with new  
 Springs. *Warwick* storm'd at the pro-  
 gress he made in the Hearts of the  
 People, who return again to their Alle-  
 giance, and own their Sovereign, whom  
 they had before abandon'd. He came  
 to Visit me once more, which was the  
 last time I ever beheld him. " Well  
 " Madam, said he to me, with a Possio-  
 " nate Air, *Edward* is returned, that  
 " Enemy to *England* and Foe to *War-*  
 " *wick*, that Ungreatful Prince, who,  
 " unmindful of all my Benefits, ceases  
 " not to outrage me, as well in my  
 " Love as my Honour. What brave  
 " Man



" Man will rely on the Promises of a  
 " Faithless King ? Let them see an  
 " Example in me of Prince's Mutabi-  
 " lity. *Edward*, after he had pass'd  
 " his Word to me that you shou'd be  
 " mine, not only stain'd my Glory  
 " abroad, but depriving me of you,  
 " took you to himself. And after,  
 " when he was my Prisoner, when, as  
 " an incens'd Rival, I might have justly  
 " took Revenge upon him for all his  
 " Perjuries, I permitted him his Li-  
 " berty; yet is this not acknowledg'd,  
 " and he returns again in Arms, to  
 " take you from mine. But let him  
 " know, that, if *Warwick* is not be-  
 " tray'd, *Edward* cannot possibly resist  
 " him. He has often seen me contemn  
 " Death, and dy my Sword all over  
 " in the Blood of his Enemies, and,  
 " as often as it hath been drawn, pre-  
 " sented him with Victory. Believe  
 " not then, Madam, that Fortune will  
 " now abandon me; and I Swear to  
 " you by all that we Adore, I wou'd  
 " not enter the Fight but in hopes of  
 " making this Husband fall by the same  
 " hand that slew your other. No  
 " matter for your Reproaches, I can  
 " bear

" bear them ; and I reiterate to you  
 " again my Oath, that after I have  
 " offer'd this Rival, as a Sacrifice to my  
 " Vengeance, not all the Powers of  
 " the Earth shall take you from my  
 " Arms. DEATH, reply'd I, with  
 " much amazement at his Threats, will  
 " Relieve me from all thy Persecution.  
 " Nor do I fear that the Just God will  
 " abandon *Edward* on this Occasion.  
 " In Valour he is not inferiour to any,  
 " and your Lordship may remember,  
 " that, as well as *Warwick*, he has been  
 " Victor wherever he came. You know,  
 " my Lord, how many Battels he has  
 " Fought, and always won the Lawrel ;  
 " but I think your Lordship with all  
 " your Courage had the Misfortune to  
 " be Routed by a Woman, and you  
 " hardly escaped from Queen *Margaret*  
 " at St. *Albans*, then, when you went  
 " as confident of the Victory as now.  
 " 'Tis true, indeed, the Giddy Multi-  
 " tude abandon'd *Edward* in his Mis-  
 " fortune, but seeing him return from  
 " *Burgundy* with Power to constrain  
 " them, their Affections (changeable  
 " as their desires) begin already to  
 " acknowledge no other Lord, and  
 " perhaps.

perhaps Fortune may offer him that  
 Life for a Sacrifice, that designs to  
 take his. I once more remember  
 your Lordship that *Edward* was never  
 Vanquish'd; and 'tis folly to believe  
 Victory will forsake him, when he  
 has the most occasion for her. The  
 Event will show, reply'd the Earl,  
 which of us has Prophesied best. All  
 I know is, that my Courage will not  
 permit me to return with Life from  
 a Conquer'd Field; and I shall never  
 fall alive into the hands of *Edward*;  
 if Fortune be not blind, she will be-  
 stow the Lawrel upon the most  
 Worthy, that is to say, to *Warwick*,  
 blemish'd neither with Perjury nor  
 Ingratitude. *Edward* indeed has never  
 been overcome in Fight, but then he  
 never Fought with *Warwick*. 'Tis  
 true, he was once my Prisoner, but  
 I am generous enough to distinguish,  
 it was Stratagem and not Valour,  
 gave me that advantage, of which I  
 was never Proud. Well, my Lord,  
 Interrupted I, if you are taken I can  
 assure your Lordship, *Edward* will re-  
 pay your Courtesy. And I advise  
 you not to delay much longer. Great

" *Warwick*

“ *Warwick* will become Armor much  
 “ better in occasions of danger, than  
 “ froward disputes with Ladies, and  
 “ tho’ your Lordship is not pleas’d to  
 “ treat me as your Queen, I can never  
 “ loose that Quality. Yes, said the  
 “ Earl with a change of Voice and  
 “ Countenance, my Heart tells me but  
 “ too much News of your Sovereignty;  
 “ you are absolute there, and might  
 “ do any thing with me, with a little  
 “ more Compliance. Alas! continu’d  
 “ he with a Sigh, why am I repay’d  
 “ with slights by the only Person in  
 “ the World I can ever Love. Cer-  
 “ tainly, if I am overcome in this War,  
 “ it will be your Pray’rs that will give  
 “ away the Victory from me. But I  
 “ shall never return alive to complain  
 “ of you. It is possible I may be Van-  
 “ quish’d, but it is impossible I shon’d  
 “ Survive that Misfortune. If Fate has  
 “ thus ordain’d it, *Warwick* falls a  
 “ Sacrifice to none but *Elizabeth*. Ah!  
 “ added he, looking sorrowfully upon  
 “ me, Why are you destin’d my E-  
 “ nemy? When you shall hear of my  
 “ Death, you will shed no Tears, but  
 “ those of Joy, and I must ly hated  
 “ and

" and unpitied of the Person in the  
 " World I most adore. Promise me  
 " that if I fall (as sure I shall not)  
 " you will forgive me those Offences  
 " you complain of; and when you shall  
 " hear speak of *Warwick* as if he were  
 " Brave, add he was also Unfortunate,  
 " but never culpable. It was Love  
 " alone made me commit all my Errors,  
 " and the Sense of *Edward's* Ingrati-  
 " tude. I first engag'd with the House  
 " of *York*, convinc'd of the Righteous-  
 " ness of their Claim. I assisted them,  
 " I lavish'd my Blood for them; I did  
 " all that was requisite for their ad-  
 " vantage. What shall I say? I gave  
 " *Edward* the Crown, my Arm fix'd  
 " it on his Head, and on my Shoulders  
 " he mounted to the Throne. Be-  
 " hold what I did to satisfy Justice,  
 " and my Honour. I demanded no  
 " Recompence, till assaulted by a Fatal  
 " Passion, I requested you of *Edward*.  
 " He consented, and I believ'd my self  
 " very Fortunate! But how fleeting  
 " was that Prosperity. I return from  
 " *France* blemish'd in my Honour, and  
 " ruin'd in my Love. I beheld my  
 " Mistress on the Throne, and in the  
 " Bed



" Bed of that Ungreatful King. Your  
 " Majesty slighted me, Reproach'd me.  
 " A Generous Spirit can ill brook such  
 " abules; I arm'd to revenge them,  
 " to Redeem my Honour, to destroy  
 " my Ungreatful Rival, and to possess  
 " my Inexorable Mistress. See if I am  
 " so faulty as you imagine me to be,  
 " and if you owe not some acknow-  
 " ledgment to so Unfortunate a Passion;  
 " if your Love to *Edward* gives you  
 " so much aversion for *Warwick*, he will  
 " secure your fear, neglect his Glory,  
 " his Inclinations for Arms, and pass  
 " his Life at your Feet, provided you  
 " repay me not with frowns. I have  
 " (not without Reason) consider'd,  
 " that this Passion I have for you, was  
 " sent me as a Misfortune from Heav'n.  
 " Since I first saw you, I have not been  
 " able to taste any Delights. You have  
 " branded me with the Name of Traitor;  
 " which after Ages will fix upon my  
 " Memory; and knowing not that Love  
 " induc'd me to this false conduct, will  
 " accuse me as one of a fleeting Faith,  
 " in whom no Prince cou'd repose any  
 " confidence. All Ages, my Lord, in-  
 " terrupted I, will allow you Brave,  
 " and



“ and that is the only Title I have seen  
 “ you Proud of. You much mistake me,  
 “ Madam, Interrupted the Earl, my  
 “ Honour is dearer to me than the de-  
 “ sire I have of being reported Brave,  
 “ and I well see that I have in some  
 “ measure forfeited it to those who are  
 “ not ( so well as your Majesty ) ac-  
 “ quainted with the Ingratitude and  
 “ Baseness of *Edward*, and the Cruelty  
 “ of *Elizabeth*. But it is time for me  
 “ to depart, and I promise you never  
 “ to return but with Victory. The  
 Earl went away at these Words, and  
 left me more Esteem for his Merit, and  
 Pity for his Misfortunes, than I ever  
 had before. Not long after a Person  
 came to me, sent from the Duke of *Clar-  
 ence*, to tell me, that he was Marching  
 to joyn his Brother; and that I shou’d  
 not disquiet my self since he hoped the  
 Event wou’d be Fortunate. I exhorted  
 him, by that Messenger, to persevere in  
 the good design he had taken, and assur’d  
 him of King *Edward*’s Affection and  
 Favour.

*Warwick,*

*Warwick*, with what Men he had in a readines, Marched to *Coventry*, and sent word to the Duke of *Clarence*, (then raising Men) near *London*, to come and joyn with him; but the Duke's delays gave the Earl some Suspicion. He took therefore into the Town till he cou'd raise more Forces. *Edward* approaching, pitched his Tents upon a Plain, where, not long after, the Duke four Thousand Strong arrived also. The King had Intelligence of him, and accompanied only with the Duke of *Glocester*, my Brother *Rivers*, my Lord *Chamberlain*, and some others, without a Guard, he rode towards the Duke of *Clarence*, who met him with an open Countenance, renew'd their Amity, and made a Solemn Peace together. The Duke being thus return'd to his Duty; had compassion for the Earl of *Warwick*, whose Daughter he had Married, and sought to make him Sensible of what he ow'd to the King, and therefore Wrote to him in these Words.

To

TO THE

I believe, my Lord, that you will be much Surpriz'd at my returning to my Duty. But you ought to rejoyce at it. My Crime appear'd so Heinous, that I had no other way to expiate it. For it was too unnatural for me to draw my Sword against my Brother, and my Sovereign. I have pity for my Bleeding Country, and desire to prevent the Effusion of Blood, ready to be spilt in so unnatural a Quarrel. You, my Lord, who are as Generous as Brave, and so often condemn'd your

F Life

Life for the benefit of the Com-  
mon-Wealth, will not condemn,  
but rather, by following my Ex-  
ample, Justify my Thought.  
This I expect from you, and  
Solemnly promise you, that your  
Peace shall be made, to your own  
Wishes, and, in a manner, so  
Honourable, as you shall know  
your self a Father to the King,  
as well as to the Duke of

Clarence.

---

As soon as the Earl had read this Letter, he threw it from him in disdain. And turning to the Messenger, with a Serious Aspect, " Go " tell your Duke, said he, that I had " rather be an Earl, and always " like my self, than a false and Pre- " jur'd Duke, and that before I will " falsify my Oath (as he has ap- " parently done) I will lay down " my Life at my Enemies Feet, " which I question not shall be " bought very dear. Then turn- ing from the Messenger he bid him depart; and remain'd a long time in considering of Fortune.

Mean while *Edward* marched to *London* in so Warlike a manner that the terrify'd Citizens open'd their Gates to him. And I went, attend- ed with all the Principal Persons, to receive his Majesty. I need not tell you the Joy we had at so happy a meeting

meeting, after so many Misfortunes. The Duke of *Somerset*, who had the Guard of King *Henry's* Person, fled out of the City, and left him in the Bishop's Palace. The unsteady Multitude, who had not long ago ador'd him, saw him now convey'd to the Tower by King *Edward*, without once demonstrating any Regret at his Misfortunes. They decry'd his want of Courage, and for a long time there was no other Cry heard but Long Live King *Edward*. So unsteady is that Throne which is built upon the Affection of the People.

The Earl of *Warwick* learning what past at *London*, resolved, with his small Forces, to oppose the Progress of the King's Fortune. His great Heart, which cou'd suffer no Alteration in Prosperity, no more than in Adversity, trusted all to his own Valour, and detesting the perfidiousness



fidiousness of the Duke of *Clarence*, he sought only how to revenge it. He Marched, by speedy Journeys, for *London*, and, upon *Gladmore-Heath*, near *Barnet*, he rested his Army. *Edward*, with a far greater Force, came to meet him; and they pass'd that Night in view of each other. The next Morning, at break of Day, the Earl began to Marshal his Army; which he divided into Three Battalions. The Right Wing was led by the Marquess, his Brother, and the Earl of *Oxford*; himself, with the Duke of *Exeter*, led the Left, and the Duke of *Somerset* Commanded the Main Body, which consisted chiefly of Archers. King *Edward's* Army was Led by the Duke of *Glocester*, himself, and the Duke of *Clarence*, and *Hastings* Commanded in the Rear, with a Reserve of Fresh Supplies as occasion offer'd.

The Battel begins, and the Earl of *Warwick* understanding that *Oxford*, in that part he Commanded, fought against the Battalion where the King was in Person, left the Command of the Left Wing to the Duke of *Exeter*; and, with *Oxford*, broke into the Battalion as swift as Lightning. He gave no Blows that were not fatal, and, by his Valour, so entirely Routed that part of the King's Army, that they fled to *London*, and brought me the Doleful News of *Warwick's* Victory. But, Behold! how unexpectedly Fortune turn'd the Day; It was so Misty, that it was impossible to see far; so as the Stars Embroyder'd upon the Earl of *Oxford's* *Mens* Coats, were mistaken for the *Sun*, which were wore by King *Edward's* *Men*; in which Error, *Warwick's* *Men* fought amongst themselves, and not knowing the ground of  
the

the mistake , the Earl of *Oxford* retires in great disorder, with a considerable Body of Men ; which, when the Earl discover'd, he rush'd, with all his Might, into the hottest of the Battel ; nay, so far did his Courage and Gallantry lead him, that it was impossible for him to get off. In a word, here he lost his Life. And the Marquess of *Montacute* his Brother, endeavouring to Rescue him, died also.

Thus fell that Great Earl, the Bravest Man, the most Passionate Lover, but withall the most Unfortunate that ever the *San* saw. He had a most ready Wit, a piercing Apprehension, and was of a profound Judgment. In the most Ticklish Affairs of State, he came to the Speediest Resolution. He was Solid and Grave, and yet none so daring, and bold ; of a Comely Personage, so Graceful an Air, and

an Address so Winning, that Nature seem'd to have shap'd him for the infinite Difficulties of a Military Life, and at the same time, to have Trimm'd him for the Endearing Entertainments of Courtship and Complaisance. He was a most Generous Enemy, a Sincere Friend, where he conceiv'd a kindness for any one. Few affronted him save Kings, and ev'n on them he reveng'd himself sufficiently. This was his Failing. His Inclinations to me were very sincere and honourable, save in the business of a Divorce; howbeit I pardon him, for it was his Love to me made him forget himself. He is gone; and, to be plain, my Soul was truly troubl'd for him, and I wept for the loss of so great a Captain, and so entire a Lover. In brief, he dy'd the Martyr of Love.

The

The Warlike Queen *Margaret*, in a little time, takes the Field, but the Victory falls to *Edward*. The Young Prince was taken Prisoner, and the Treacherous *Glocester* Murder'd him in the King's Presence. The Unfortunate Queen turns Melancholly, betakes her self to a Nunnery, is taken from thence, and strictly confin'd; till, in the end, she was ransom'd by her Father.

The King comes to *London*, and was receiv'd with the most Remarkable Expressions of Universal Rejoycing. But the Barbarous Murder of the Pious *Henry*, by the Cruel *Glocester*, clouded all these Solemnities. What shall I say? The Innocent *Clarence* falls a Sacrifice to his Ambition. "He resolves, it  
 "seems to make his way to the  
 "Crown by Murder (Heavens!  
 "preserve my Children from his  
 "hands) and takes a particular  
 F 5 "pleasure

" pleasure to Crimſon himſelf with  
 " Royal Blood. And ſhou'd he, in  
 " good earneſt, aſcend the Throne  
 " by the Unnatural Murder of the  
 " Two Princes, the Juſt Heavens, I  
 " truſt, will preſerve the Earl of  
 " *Richmond*, and inſpire him with  
 " courage to avenge my Quarrel.  
 " And who knows, continu'd the  
 " Queen to the Lady *Elizabeth*, that  
 " if he be ſucceſſful in his Love, but  
 " there may, nay certainly there will  
 " be, an everlaſting Union betwixt  
 " the Two Houſes. I ſhall not pre-  
 " tend to Propheſy ; but methinks  
 " I foreſee as much. At theſe words  
 the Lady *Elizabeth* chang'd Colours,  
 and ſhiver'd like a true Lover.

But to return to my Story, ſays  
 the Queen, The *French* King ſends  
 his Ambaſſador to Congratulate  
*Edward's* Settlement, and, in a ſhort  
 time after the King Sickens, and  
 Dies of his Illneſs. And now, a-  
 las !



las ! the Cruel Unckle has the King  
my Son, in his keeping, and what  
will follow thereupon God alone  
knows.

“ Madam, ( says the Princess E-  
“ *lizabeth* ) Wou’d it not cut you  
“ to the heart, to part with my  
“ Brother the Duke of *York* ? Yes,  
“ reply’d the Queen, all in Tears,  
“ my Soul will be troubled. Woe  
“ is me, continu’d she, for I am sad-  
“ ly oppress’d, my Sorrows are not  
“ to be equall’d ; my Husband is  
“ Dead, my Son a Prisoner, and my  
“ Self a Mournful Recluse ; but  
“ what is worst of all, I discover a  
“ frightful appearance of the horrid  
“ Designs of my Enemies. Doubt-  
“ less, this Sanctuary will not pro-  
“ tect me from the Arrests of In-  
“ justice, nor will it secure me a-  
“ gainst the Malice of my Cruel  
“ Brother. The Princess *Eliza-*  
*beth* endeavour’d , what in her  
lay.

lay, to Comfort her Afflicted Mother, but all in vain; for now *Richard* had contriv'd his Plot, and she was afraid lest he might spring the Mine, which he had laid for the utter Ruin of her and her Children.

In the mean time there came a Messenger to her from the Earl of *Richmond*, begging, he might be allow'd to kiss her hands. This News furnish'd her with new Spirits; and it is needless to tell you, with what delight the Princess entertain'd these Tidings, and how heartily she blest the *Man* that brought them. He had come over with the *French* Ambassador in Disguise, and tho' he knew what hazards he shou'd run, ( for his Design was to Relieve the Distress'd Queen and her Children, when a fair occasion might offer it self ) yet cou'd not his great Heart be dissuaded from an Undertaking

taking of this nature. Love furnish'd him with hope, and his Courage that saw nothing too great for him to attempt, gave him assurance of success, if he continu'd constant to the Generous Resolutions he had taken up.

But whilst he is thus resolv'd on what he was to do, *Richard* Duke of *Gloucester* was no less perplex'd. He was perplex'd betwixt the desire of Sovereignty, and the desire of being thought not to aspire to it. Nor was his heart wholly exempted from that Illustrious Passion, that possess'd the Earl of *Richmond*; and, in this, they agreed, their Vows having both the same Object. The Princess *Elizabeth* being exceeding Fair, had also kindled in the heart of her Uncle, those Sentiments, which were sooner receiv'd for her than any other; yet did she not know of this latter Conquest. *Richard*

*chard* had, as yet, imparted it to none: *Ann* his Wife was still living; so that till he had given her her Farewel of this Life, he durst not make any Overtures of the Passion the Princess had given him. And to compleat the number of Lovers, the Duke of *Buckingham* had long worn that Character. His Heart and Eyes were made like others; and he, with *Richard* and *Henry*, found *Elizabeth* Charming. His Presumption had carried him to declare it to her. But the Princess, who had destin'd her a Sacrifice to none but the Earl of *Richmond*, had resisted the Duke with all the Disdain that was requisite to drive him into Despair; he had been Melancholly for some time; but being Courted by *Richard*, he joyn'd with him in his Designs, and thought, if the Crown was once plac'd upon the Head of the Protector, *Elizabeth* wou'd be granted him, as the  
Reward

Reward of that Service. He was then ignorant of the passion *Richard* had for the Princess ; and the Duke being as Ambitious as Amorous, set no bounds to his hopes, but easily flatter'd himself , that after the Death of young *Edward* and his Brother, the Title devolving upon Lady *Elizabeth*, he shou'd, in the Person of her Husband, become at once, as well her King, as her Lover.

But *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*, who had a deeper insight into things, easily found out *Buckingham's* designs. But complying with that Minister , as knowing him the fittest Instrument for gaining the Crown, flatter'd him in all his Desires , and gave him hopes , that when he once came to be King , there shou'd be nothing deny'd him throughout the whole Extent of his Empire. *Buckingham* found these

these Promises very plausible, and resolving, for a while, to give *Richard* the Crown, till his own Affairs cou'd be better fix'd, joyn'd himself vehemently to his Interest, and employ'd all his own, for the making *Richard* King of *England*.

After they had secur'd the Person of the King, they conducted him to *London*, and, as in Appearance, to his Coronation. The Duke, his Unckle, so well clear'd himself to the Council, that he was once more chosen Protector. The Great Seal was taken from the Cardinal, and given to another. But this was not all that the Ambitious Duke required; the young Duke of *York* was still with the Queen his Mother in the Sanctuary, and they well knew that the Death of the King wou'd signifie nothing to them, if his Brother remain'd.



remain'd. To get him then into his power, *Richard* urged the matter in Council ; alledging, what a Disgrace it was to have the only Brother of the King ( who was too Young and Innocent , to desire or stand in need of a Sanctuary ) remain in the Abby of *Westminster*, as if he were a Criminal , when there cou'd be no other excuse giv'n for it than the Vain fear of a Woman. Womanish Fear, interrupted the Duke of *Buckingham* , rising up at the Council Board, say rather Womanish Frowardness, and continuing his Discourse, shew'd that the Innocent needed not a Sanctuary, and that in taking the Duke of *York* from the Queen, they shou'd not Violate the Priviledge of the Place : and by a long Discourse, perswaded them to what he desir'd.

Then

Then was the Cardinal of *York* sent to the Queen, with a great many other Lords, to demand the Young Prince, in the Name of the Protector. She heard the Cardinal's Reasons, for her delivering up the Prince, with much dislike. " My Lord, answered she, I do not deny, but that it were convenient, this Gentleman whom you require, were with the King his Brother; and it were not amiss, considering their Age, that they both remain'd in the Custody of their Mother, for some longer time; especially the Duke of *York*, who has had a long Indisposition of Health, and is so little amended, that I dare put no Person on Earth in trust with him but myself only; considering that a Relapse is double the Peril of the first Disease, because Nature being much weaken'd by it, becomes

" less

“ less able to sustain a new onset.  
 “ And tho’ I question not but that  
 “ there be others that wou’d omit  
 “ no care of his Person, yet know  
 “ they not so well as I the Disposi-  
 “ tion of his Body. And besides  
 “ the Tenderneſs of a Mother is  
 “ incomparably excellent beyond  
 “ that of any Inferiour Relations.

“ It is not deny’d, Madam, an-  
 “ ſwered the Cardinal, but that  
 “ your Maſteſty were of all others  
 “ moſt fit and neceſſary about your  
 “ own Children. The Council, in  
 “ general, wou’d be well ſatisfy’d  
 “ with it, if it were your Maſteſty’s  
 “ pleaſure to remain in ſuch a place  
 “ as were more conformable to  
 “ their Honour and yours. But ſince  
 “ you condemn your ſelf to this  
 “ Melancholly retreat, We humbly  
 “ preſume to tell your Maſteſty that  
 “ it is thought much more con-  
 “ venient that the Duke of York  
 “ were

“ were with the King, at his Li-  
 “ berty, to the Comfort of them  
 “ both, rather than to remain here,  
 “ to his great Dishonour and Ob-  
 “ loquy. It is not always requisite,  
 “ that a Child shou’d be with his  
 “ Mother, as appears in the Cir-  
 “ cumstance of the King, who when  
 “ Prince, your Majesty was con-  
 “ tented to let him live from you,  
 “ in *Wales*; because it was necessary  
 “ for the peaceable Government of  
 “ the Country. Not very well  
 “ satisfy’d with it, Interrupted the  
 “ Queen, and yet the Case is very  
 “ different, the King had then his  
 “ Health, but your Lordship may  
 “ see that this young Gentleman is  
 “ much indispos’d; in which con-  
 “ dition I greatly wonder why my  
 “ Lord Protector shou’d desire him  
 “ in his keeping. And you know,  
 “ my Lord, that if the Child in his  
 “ Illness shou’d miscarry, his High-  
 “ ness the Protector wou’d be charg’d  
 “ with

“ with the Suspicion of Fraud. And  
 “ whereas your Lordship calls it a  
 “ thing against the Honour of my  
 “ Son, and theirs also, that he re-  
 “ mains in this Place ; It is all their  
 “ Honours to suffer him to stay ,  
 “ where he shall be the best attend-  
 “ ed, and that is with the Queen his  
 “ Mother, whilst she is here ; from  
 “ whence I intend not as yet to de-  
 “ part, and hazard my self, after  
 “ others of my Friends, whom I  
 “ could rather wish in this Sanctuary  
 “ with me, than my self in danger  
 “ with them. Why, Madam, In-  
 “ terrupted one of the Lords, does  
 “ your Majesty know any Reason  
 “ why you shou’d be in danger ?  
 “ No certainly, reply’d the Queen,  
 “ nor why they shou’d remain in  
 “ Prison. I too justly fear, that  
 “ those Persons who have not scrup-  
 “ pled to put them in restraint with-  
 “ out a Colour, wou’d as little  
 “ stumble at their Ruin without a  
 “ Cause.

“ Cause. The Cardinal made a  
 Sign to the Lord that he shou’d say  
 no more of that Affair. “ And then  
 “ he told the Queen that he did not  
 “ doubt but that those Lords of her  
 “ Honourable Relation, when the  
 “ matter was examin’d, for which  
 “ they were under an Arrest, wou’d  
 “ do well : and as to her Noble  
 “ Person, there neither was neither  
 “ cou’d be intended any Ill. I know  
 “ not, Interrupted the Queen, how  
 “ I shou’d give trust to your Lord-  
 “ ship’s Assurance. It is not enough  
 “ that I am Innocent, since that they  
 “ are as Guilty as my self ; but it is  
 “ well known that I am not better  
 “ belov’d by their Enemies, and that  
 “ they are only hated for my sake ;  
 “ and therefore it is not my purpose  
 “ as yet to depart. As for this Gentle-  
 “ man, my Son, I intend that he shall  
 “ remain with me ; for I assure your  
 “ Lordships, that I see some Men so  
 “ desirous, without any Cause, to  
 “ have



“ have him, that it makes me the  
 “ more fearful of delivering him, till  
 “ I see farther. Ah ! Madam, an-  
 “ swered the Cardinal, the more un-  
 “ willing you are to deliver him, the  
 “ more unwilling will the Council  
 “ be to let you keep him, lest the  
 “ causeless fear your Majesty has en-  
 “ tertain’d may cause you to remove  
 “ him further. And there be also  
 “ Men of that Opinion, that the  
 “ Duke can have no Priviledge in  
 “ this Place, since he can neither  
 “ know how to ask it, nor be Crimi-  
 “ nal enough to deserve it. And  
 “ shou’d your Majesty refuse to de-  
 “ liver him, I much fear, they will be  
 “ so much wanting in respect, as to  
 “ force him out. My Lord, his  
 “ Uncle, out of his tenderness to the  
 “ Duke, fears incessantly, that your  
 “ Majesty shou’d send him away.  
 “ Ah ! my Lord, Interrupted the  
 “ Queen, Is this then the Protectors  
 “ Zeal ? Does he fear nothing but  
 “ the

“ the Young Prince shou’d escape  
 “ him? He is not in a Condition  
 “ to be remov’d; and alas! in what  
 “ place shall I believe him in safety,  
 “ if this Sanctuary cannot secure  
 “ him. A Sanctuary which there  
 “ was never any Front so Wicked as  
 “ to violate. But to make an End,  
 “ my Lord, I plainly discover the  
 “ protector’s aim. Thinks he that  
 “ I cannot discern to what end this  
 “ painted process draws? I have  
 “ too much reason to think that it  
 “ will be fatal. But God prevent it.

In the End they became a little  
 more plain, and told the Queen that  
 the Duke must needs go along with  
 them. If it be so then, says the  
 Queen, then Farewell beloved Inno-  
 cent, God bless thee, for I shall never  
 see thee more. And indeed it was  
 the last Good Night, for both the  
 Princes were Inhumanly Murder’d  
 by their Treacherous Uncle.

*F I N I S.*